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CONTENTS

THE EDUCATION OF THE PRESS	NEWSMAN
CONCRETE DEMOCRACY	JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY
SOUTH AFRICA LOOKS AT BRITAIN	W. R. GORDON
JAPAN ADRIFT	A CORRESPONDENT
TURKEY, THE COUNTRY WITHOUT COMMUNISTS	PETER SCHMID
THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER	SIR WILLIAM P. BARTON
THE POPULATION REPORT	G. F. McCLEARY
SONNET—*A Poem*	DENISE FOLLIOT
THE TALE—*A Story*	JAMES HANLEY
GOETHE'S NIGHTFALL SONG—*A Poem*	A. V. STUART
CHILDHOOD IN VICTORIAN DUBLIN	OWEN TWEEDY

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LISTENING TO THE PLAY — JOHN ARLOTT

Other Contributors : Sir Harold Butler, J. T. Murphy, Gordon Winter, F. A. G. Willis, John Moss, Eric Gillett, Frank Kendon, Grace Banyard.

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AUGUST, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Education of the Press. By Newsman	73
Concrete Democracy. By John Middleton Murry	80
South Africa Looks at Britain. By W. R. Gordon	87
Japan Adrift. By A Correspondent	93
Turkey, The Country Without Communists. By Peter Schmid	99
The North-West Frontier. By Sir William P. Barton	105
The Population Report. By G. F. McCleary	112

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CONTENTS—*contd.* PAGE

SONNET—*A Poem.* BY DENISE FOLLIOT 117

THE TALE—*A Story.* BY JAMES HANLEY 118

GOETHE'S NIGHTFALL SONG—*A Poem.* BY A. V. STUART 125

A CHILDHOOD IN VICTORIAN DUBLIN. BY OWEN TWEEDY 126

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY :

LISTENING TO THE PLAY. BY JOHN ARLOTT 133

Other Contributors : *Sir Harold Butler, J. T. Murphy, Gordon Winter, F. A. G. Willis, John Moss, Eric Gillett, Frank Kendon, Grace Banyard.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1949

THE EDUCATION OF THE PRESS

BY NEWSMAN

THE Government might well consider making arrangements for the immediate re-issue of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Press, unabridged but more readably displayed, and at, say, a shilling. In its present form and at its present price of six shillings, it will remain unread by all but a handful of people. The newspapers and periodicals have, with one or two honourable exceptions, notably *The Times*, *The Manchester Guardian* and *The Economist*, failed lamentably to give accurate summaries of the findings of Sir David Ross and his colleagues. These do not by any means amount to the " vindication " which the popular press gleefully claimed ; nor are they properly described as " whitewashing ", which has been the favourite epithet of the extreme left-wing.

This was a lengthy examination of a complicated situation, which bristles with paradoxes. No sensational disclosures were expected from it, except perhaps by the little group of journalist-politicians who began the business and whose imagination proved to be more fertile than their evidence. It was inevitable that any reasonably impartial body of investigators would come to a variety of conclusions which on the one hand would make selective reporting easy, and would, on the other, enable the disappointed promoters to describe the recommendations as pitiably feeble. This is in fact exactly what has happened ; the press has been tempted from those very standards of accuracy for which the Commission calls ; and so a social document of the first importance may be buried and forgotten by the end of the year. Sir George Waters, a member of the Commission, denounced in scathing terms the selective reporting of the Commission's findings.

This is one of the best written of command papers. The evidence is, on the whole, impressively marshalled. The style is simple and lucid, but there is a nice feeling for words which occasionally emerges as irony, and this, of course, Fleet Street has missed. Though, with two elder journalists as members of the Commission, it would have been surprising if it had not been more readable than most of its kind, the report refers in such unusually generous terms to the work of the secretary, Miss J. J. Nunn of the Home Office, that one is tempted to imagine her as a recruit to the declining profession of leader-writer if at any time the drafting of reports in Whitehall began

to pall.

After describing the field of its inquiry, the Commission plunges without delay into the question of the organization of newspaper undertakings. Little if anything new emerges from this part of the report, except that Lord Beaverbrook announced what has been generally known in the profession for some time, an intention, as soon as the time was ripe, to start evening papers in Manchester and Birmingham. The Commission recognizes that the quality morning papers in these two cities may be dependent on the profits earned by their evening stable-companions and agrees that they might be affected. However, things might not be so bad when it happens as if they had happened before, because these quality papers have " sources of strength peculiar to themselves." This seems an optimistic reading of the crystal. If *The Manchester Guardian* and *The Birmingham Post* do rely to a large extent on the profits made by *The Evening News* and *The Evening Mail*, and if those profits are substantially reduced by the invasion of an outside group which also has " sources of strength peculiar to itself " and more tangible ones at that, then the position of the *Guardian* and the *Post* may well be undermined. The number of people in Manchester—of all places !—likely to say : " Now I must buy the *Guardian* because the *News* isn't doing so well, and we don't want to lose the *Guardian* " is not large enough appreciably to affect Mr. Laurence Scott's calculations, one fancies. This is typical of the Commission's rather muddled and curiously complacent thinking on this subject.

The facts of the concentration of ownership in the last thirty years were professionally known, of course, but their assembly inside the pages of the report is valuable. It is difficult to say the same for the Commission's interpretation of the facts. They are simple enough. In 1921 there were twelve national mornings. Now there are nine. Fourteen national Sunday papers have dwindled to ten. Four London evenings have become three. Two London suburban mornings have disappeared. In the provinces 41 mornings have dropped to 25. Evenings have gone down from 89 to 75. There is also one provincial Sunday paper less, six instead of seven. But the Commission see " no cause for alarm " in the national figures, and they think the alarm in the case of the provincials has been " exaggerated ". And the extraordinary drop in the number of weekly newspaper titles in the last *ten* years, from 1,037 to 914, over a hundred, that is, does not worry them either.

" The decrease in the number of local weekly newspapers does not appear to us ", they say, on the other hand, " to indicate any serious limitation of the channels of news and opinion in this field. Local weekly newspapers are still very numerous and of great variety. " As for the more general question : " We see no virtue in mere multi-

plicity, and it does not seem to us that the public interest requires that smaller schools of thought should find expression through national newspapers. So long as there is a diversity of periodicals, and they are reasonably easy to start and maintain, opinions and policies not advocated in the national newspapers can be advocated by this means ; and if these divergent opinions are of any importance their existence will be news and will be reported as such in the newspapers." This is a remarkable passage and deserves study. At what point does a school of thought become " smaller " ? Is there any justification, at this rate, for the number of Liberal daily newspapers in the country ? And how does the Commission reconcile its own strictures on the standards of news value and the political bias of the national newspapers to-day (to which reference will be made in a moment), with the suggestion that any divergent opinion of importance will get a fair showing ?

Again, on the whole question of concentrated ownership, the Commission is disappointing. It had committed itself to the belief that there is no reason to suppose that the aggressive expansion which characterized the early phase of the growth of chains would be resumed. But on the very morning when the trade papers were reporting these findings, they had to share the front page with two new and strange developments. The first piece of news was that the *News of the World* had bought " *Berrow's Newspapers* " in Worcester ; the second that the *Daily Mirror* had acquired an interest in the Australian paper, the *Melbourne Argus*. So the oldest newspaper in the country and its seven associates join the eight-million-armed giant and its associates to date, the *Greyhound Express and Coursing News* and *Blighty*. Odd bedfellows, but no odder than the *Mirror* and the *Argus*.

In dealing with the influence of the owner of a number of newspapers on their policy, the Commission has been painstaking in accumulating data without drawing any remarkable conclusions from the evidence. It points out that it is physically impossible for the head of the business when that business is the chain-manufacture of daily papers to interfere very much or to exercise much control. Now nobody, except the somewhat feverish critics of Lord Kemsley who first made themselves heard in Parliament, for a moment supposed that it was. The criticism of chain-proprietors ought to be made from exactly the opposite standpoint. Lord Kemsley says he appoints " men with similar views to my own . . . they know our policy and are free. I have never had any trouble." There multiple ownership stands self-indicted. Is there any greater responsibility, outside the Cabinet, than that involved in the control of a great newspaper ? If the proprietor does not control it, fully and with a sense of public duty, who does ? " Men with similar

views to my own." But it should take all a man's days and powers, all the conscience that is in him, and all the application he can give to discharge the task of running one great newspaper. Can the modern proprietor run a string of them like racehorses ? One was enough for Barnes, and Delane, and Scott. Does unity spell strength —or sameness ? How can the same man express a variety of opinions ? Yet if he leaves others to express opinions for him he is no editor but merely an accumulator of property.

It is quite a different story when the Commission passes from the organization of the press to its performance. Not only is the information, to a considerable extent, original, but the conclusions drawn from it are forthright and stimulating. They include, of course, the now famous sentence : " It is generally agreed that the British press is inferior to none in the world," which would have carried more weight if there had been any indication that the Commission had studied the press of other countries, or, indeed, had called a single witness from the excellent corps of foreign correspondents in London. But they include as well such paragraphs as will now be quoted, pungent enough to suit even the sternest critics, but examples too, of that immaculate drafting and of that sensibility towards words, to which reference was made earlier. First of all, on inaccuracy :

> In assessing the standard of accuracy of the press we have found some evidence of willingness to be satisfied with what at best corresponds only roughly to the truth, and of readiness to make statements on inadequate evidence. On many of the topics handled by the press, the facts are extremely difficult to establish beyond dispute in the time available ; an editor must publish many statements to which he would not be prepared to swear in a court of law. This unavoidable situation has, however, its dangers, which do not seem always to be sufficiently appreciated ; in extreme cases it leads to a journalist's presenting his personal opinion as the ascertained truth of a matter admittedly in dispute, and to the doctrine, which we cannot accept, that the truth, for newspaper purposes, is whatever an editor believes to be the truth.

One may fall back as much as one likes on the conditions which make such " rough truth " inevitable. The fact remains that there were, and still are, papers which would rather not print a story at all than print it wrong. That was not, presumably, the practice of the *Sunday Express* at any rate, whose editor quoted to the Commission from a message addressed to his sub-editors and reporters : " The plain fact is—and we all know it to be true—that whenever we see a story in a newspaper concerning something we know about, it is more often wrong than right." He proceeded to ask his staff to mend their ways.

Secondly, on partisanship :

> It is generally pronounced in the popular press ; it is much less marked in some, but not all, of the quality papers ; it is generally less marked in the provincial than in the national press. Such partisanship is to be distinguished from excessive

bias, and it must of course be viewed in the context of the whole political life and institutions of the country. The press is part of our political machinery, which is essentially partisan. But partisanship can and does on occasion lead to a degree of selection and colouring of news which can only be regarded as excessive . . This character of the press . . . necessarily prevents a paper from giving what would in other contexts be regarded as the fullest and most accurate picture of the world which it is possible to give in the space available. The citizen who wishes to obtain such a picture will have difficulty in doing so from the daily press.

Finally, on the combined effect of political partisanship and distorted news values :

In the popular papers, consideration of news value acts as a distorting medium even apart from any political considerations ; it attaches, as we have shown, supreme importance to the new, the exceptional and the ' human ', and it emphasizes those elements in the news to the detriment or even the exclusion of the normal and the continuing. Consequently, the picture is always out of focus. The combination day after day of distortion due to these factors with the distortion arising from political partisanship has a cumulative effect upon the reader. It results, where it is carried farthest, not only in a debasement of standards of taste, but also in a further weakening of the foundations of intelligent judgement in public affairs.

These are hard words, but they are based on evidence, part of it supplied by witnesses, part by independent researchers appointed by the Commission, whose studies of the way in which different newspapers use their space are given in full in the appendices. In particular, the analyses of the reporting of selected news items in 1946-1947 might be made compulsory reading in any suburban railway carriage where opinions based on the assumption of the infallibility of popular newspaper reports are bandied about each morning. The topics were the nationalization of coal, housing statistics, food and bread rationing, and the Gravesend by-election. The standard taken was not the merits of the views expressed in editorial columns or special political articles, but whether those views influenced the presentation of the news, and if the reader was given the facts accurately and fairly, so that he could make up his own mind if he wanted to. The answer appears to be that unless he read *The Times* or the *News-Chronicle*, or sometimes *The Daily Telegraph*, among the national papers, he would not have been able to. It is not without interest to the student of the forms of newspaper ownership that the *Daily Herald* offends no less than the others. To the average Labour party member and reader of that party's paper, it will surely come as a surprise that such a comment as this was found necessary :

The conclusion that the *Daily Herald* tried to present the housing situation in as favourable a light as possible is supported by the headlines to the reports of the monthly statistics. An outstanding example was that to the November, 1946 returns : NEW HOUSING RECORD. The main statistics for this month were smaller than for the previous month, and they showed no record, high or low. Other, but less clear cut, examples were found.

(It is only fair to say that the Commission's chief researcher criticized

the form of the housing returns themselves at that time for being obscure. The fault may therefore in this case have been one of ignorance.)

Some of the provincial papers do not escape criticism. Members of the Kemsley chain, and the *Dundee Courier and Advertiser*, are described as having allowed their views to be reflected in their presentation of the news of food cuts. There is an especially entertaining reference to items in the *Sheffield Telegraph* and the *Glasgow Record* which described a " chorus of dismay from the housewives of Britain." As the announcement of the food cuts which were supposed to have led to the chorus was only made in the afternoon of the previous day, and the articles must have been written a few hours afterward, the researcher is justified in describing them, dryly, as " somewhat premature."

The Gravesend by-election, however, of November 1947, provided really startling evidence of political bias. After an exhaustive survey of the performance of the national press in this important contest, the researcher comes to the following conclusions, which, as we have seen, are accepted and backed by the Commission : that with the possible exception of *The Times*, no doubt could exist in the reader's mind which side the different papers supported, that news and comment were inextricably mixed in ' news ' reports and special articles, that in reporting meetings, each newspaper suggested the speakers belonging to its own party were received either in awed silence or with thunderous cheers, whereas opposing speakers were constantly heckled and booed (shades of the *Eatanswill Gazette* ?), that little attempt was made to present adequately the views of the opposing party, and that, as there was no Liberal candidate, newspapers on both sides tried to suggest that the Liberals supported their party !

What emerges from all this is, of course, that the press has fallen grievously behind in its duty of exposition in a modern democracy. Just as Northcliffe was slightly ahead of his time, so the newspaper industry to-day is more than slightly behind its time. The popular press has not kept pace with the popular education of which, in the first place, it took advantage. It is itself ill-educated, and so are many of its practitioners. Hence the relevance of any suggestion which may lead to a better informed profession, capable of dealing adequately with an increasingly complex scene. Here the Commission is at its best. And here it has been shamefully underreported. The plan for a voluntary press council deserves the fullest consideration. Instead it has been condemned out of hand and on the flimsiest grounds. Indeed, the attitude of the press towards it has been of a kind fully to justify the Commission's complaint that " some of its spokesmen who gave evidence appeared to be unduly

complacent and deficient in the practice of self-criticism." A body which could speak for the press as a whole, and incidentally give the lie to such grossly unfair charges as Mr. Aneurin Bevan has seen fit to make from time to time, which could encourage educational schemes such as that recently instituted at Kemsley House, and encourage, too, recruitment from the universities and elsewhere in a much less haphazard way than obtains at the moment, would be worth while in itself, even if it was shorn of some of the controversial and less concrete functions of " maintaining professional standards, safe-guarding traditions and interpreting aspirations." The problem of combining technical and academic study both for the young entrant and the senior man is difficult enough, and important enough, to justify the acceptance of a joint and inclusive responsibility. Getting the right men and women into journalism, and having got them there, seeing that they refresh themselves and their knowledge at intervals during their working life, is the most important reform of all. From it, all kinds of other reforms would stem. It is the most certain way, in all the circumstances, of bridging the gap between what society needs from the press and what the press is at present giving it. Moreover, on such a basis the council might still command general acceptance in the profession, for proprietors and journalists alike agree that recruitment and training are unsatisfactory. As for the criticism that the council would inevitably be staffed by those " with the time to serve, which means the less successful and the less imaginative," which has been put forward by *The Economist*, it is rendered invalid by the fortunate accident that journalists are longlived, and distinguished journalists particularly so. A moment's thought will call to mind such names as Wickham Steed, James Bone, Arthur Mann, Edward Chattaway and H. F. Harvey, not to mention Sir George Waters and R. C. K. Ensor, who were members of the Commission.

> The newspaper is a vast machine. What matters is the spirit behind it. The world is its province, but that is an empty boast unless it implies a real fellowship. Europe already begins to think and speak of itself as a unity. America was born one. India, but yesterday an aggregate of disparate peoples, to-day is finding its soul. The world does move and every day it moves faster. The newspaper stands by to interpret, and, where it can, help. What a spectacle ! What an opportunity !

In the hands of such senators of the profession, and without the necessity of inviting lay membership, the press council might well give reality to these apocalyptic words uttered 18 years ago by C. P Scott.

CONCRETE DEMOCRACY

By John Middleton Murry

THE conflict between order and liberty must be as old as civilization itself. The struggles in which the drama of history is symbolized to the imagination of the ordinary man—Athens and Sparta, Brutus and Caesar, Charles and Cromwell—are mostly embodiments of this conflict. It is inherent in the idea of society. Probably a kind of majestic rhythm could be traced whereby the pendulum of history swings, slowly for the most part but sometimes more swiftly, from an intolerable extremity of order to an intolerable extremity of liberty, and back again. There is generally a point in the movement when men are persuaded that they have reached an equipoise or norm, at which the movement is, if not arrested, under conscious and rational control.

This was the case in the western world in the nineteenth century. Men felt that they had discovered the secret of maintaining order and maximizing liberty at the same time. They thought they had learned how to establish a stable and progressive society—progressive because it allowed for the greatest creative conflict, stable because everyone was agreed that the conflict must remain mental and not suffered to become physical. Perhaps they had discovered the secret, and the seeming catastrophe of two world wars with which the twentieth century began will prove after all to be the challenge which compelled the progressive societies to adapt their technique of peaceful change both to a society of nations as well as to further necessary changes in the national society. That is the hope.

But the catastrophe set the historians wondering about the fate of civilizations. In retrospect the stable societies seem to have been those which were static : societies in which the privilege of individuality and initiative was reserved to the few. Nothing better was possible. Probably even in the exceptionally fertile lands like Egypt the margin left when the population had produced and consumed what was necessary to keep it physically alive was so small that wealth, culture and creativeness had to be the preserve of a tiny minority. Certainly this was the condition of mankind, in the main, and even in western Europe, up to the end of the eighteenth century ; and it may be said that, from the beginning of recorded history up to then, order was not compatible with liberty, for economic reasons if for

no others. There were plenty of others.

The actual problem is now upon us. The incessant technical revolution in which mankind is now involved by the continuous advance of applied science has created conditions in which a world-wide combination of order and liberty is possible—possible because the age-old economic obstacle is removed. It is not merely possible, it is necessary. Without a world-order, the enormous powers of destruction now in man's possession will be used. If they are used, the victor will establish a world-order. Whether there would be any liberty in it would depend upon who wins, and what would survive the terrible conflict. A world-order without liberty might be stable, because the powers of repression in the hands of the ruling minority would be so great. It would certainly be unprogressive ; and it would probably lead to a massive regression of the human species. A world-order with liberty involves that the power of the world-authority itself should be limited to the function of preventing war. Such a limitation, no doubt, if strictly interpreted, would be impracticable. The prevention of war itself would require that other more positive functions should be assumed, just as national governments have had to assume other more positive functions than the preservation of civil peace, in order to preserve it. But the principle of a world-wide combination of liberty and order seems plain enough. Apart from being deprived, by their own consent, of the possibility of making war, the constituent nations would be their own masters.

But such liberty of the nations in a world-society of nations is very remote from the experience of liberty for the individual man. It is undoubtedly the condition without which the liberty of the individual man will constantly be diminished, for if the nations must continue for a great length of time preparing for war, the margin of possible liberty for the individual citizen will be steadily nibbled away. Nevertheless, it is not at present within the power of any individual, or any combination of individuals, to do anything considerable to hasten the establishment of a world-order based on the liberty of nations. At present the best hope of a slow advance towards that goal for the nations which value individual liberty lies in a resolute preparedness for war, which must entail a circumscription of their possibilities of individual liberty. But it thereby becomes still more important that the liberties of the individual should be expanded as far as circumstances allow. The large-scale machinery of political democracy is in itself no guarantee of this.

Bertrand Russell's Reith lectures* are a powerful plea for the necessity of making democracy a reality of experience, by a policy of deliberate decentralization—or " controlled devolution ". In his last lecture, summing up his discussion in the broadest terms, he

**Authority and the Individual* by Bertand Russell. Allen & Unwin. 6s.

says :

> Survival in the world that modern science and technique have produced demands a great deal of government. But what is to give value to survival must come mainly from sources which lie outside government. The reconciling of these two opposite requisites has been our problem in these discussions.

Apart from the unprecedented circumstances now created by applied science, he finds these opposed demands rooted in the aboriginal constitution of primitive man, whose instinct for family or tribal unity was counterpoised and strengthened by an instinctive hostility towards the stranger. The combative instinct, Bertrand Russell believes, is fundamental, but capable of diversion to good ends. The primitive urge towards hunting and fighting has, in sublimated forms, been the source of what is best in human achievement ; just as when nakedly indulged, or merely repressed, it has been the source of great evil. The progress of civilization has consisted largely in the sublimation of the combative instinct. Fighting has, to a large extent, been superseded by competition and emulation. This was, presumably, what happened in the nineteenth century in the countries of pure *laisser-faire*. Unbridled competition in the affairs of daily life was accompanied by a fairly pacific mentality in foreign policy.

But the day of *laisser-faire* is now over, and the danger arises that the instinct which recently found its satisfaction in economic competition will find no outlet at all. The steady extension of centralized control over the national economy will have the effect of producing a general listlessness unless measures are deliberately taken to safeguard and extend the realms where competitiveness can be indulged without positive harm to the community. Some forms of competition —above all the free exchange of opinion—are absolutely beneficial : indeed, without them, a society must soon become regressive. Others may appear neutral, or even harmful to the devotee of abstract efficiency ; nevertheless they must be cherished and fostered. The psychic vitality of the community is more important than its immediate efficiency ; and it is the part of wisdom to prefer vitality to mechanical perfection. We must beware of the tendency, to which the official mind is naturally prone, of looking at society only from the outside. The goodness of any form of society lies in the satisfaction felt by its individual members. A socialist society in which the workers regard the powers that be as " they "—remote and alien—may be democratic in theory ; but in fact the virtue has gone out of it.

The true purpose of democracy is to impart to all the members of society that sense of their own dignity and self-respect which, in pre-democratic days, was the privilege of a small minority. It is only too possible that, by the failure to take positive measures to check excessive centralization, the self-respect of the ordinary citizen may be not increased but diminished. Large-scale organization in politics

and industry tends to create indifference, and a sense that one's own efforts are not worth while. The statement on the poster " It all depends on you " makes but little appeal to the common experience in time of peace : it does not speak to the average man's condition. The element of truth it contains requires an intellectual effort to apprehend it, and a moral effort to obey it, which are beyond the compass of all but the exceptional man. The concentration of Government and industry has produced forms of organization which are too big for men to comprehend or to be vitally interested in. In modern industry the producer loses interest in the product to which his personal contribution is so small, the factory lacks the sense of common purpose and the divorce between the management and the worker becomes extreme. One has to be one of the " big boys " to have the experience of responsible decision. Indeed, of the modern world as a whole, Bertrand Russell says that "important achievement is impossible to an individual unless he can dominate some vast organization."

The criticism and the warning are by now fairly familiar, though few could express them with his vigour and trenchancy. Fairly familiar too is his main remedy—the development of " local small-scale democracy " in government and industry. Translated into industrial terms it means the establishment of small-scale producer-co-operatives as the norm of industrial organization in a social democracy. That is very different from the industrial organization envisaged by most democratic socialists, or the present Labour government, though it is nearly related to the plans of the once promising movement of Guild Socialism.

By saying that the small-scale producer co-operative should be the norm of industrial organization, it is not implied that it is of universal application, but that it should be the regulative idea. It should be adopted wherever it is practically possible to adopt it. The fundamental weakness of democratic State-Socialism, as hitherto conceived and practised, is that its thinking has been psychologically capitalist. It has proceeded from the assumption that all that the workers want is higher wages, and ignored their need—much less easy to express and to satisfy—for a change of status. That is supposed to be satisfied by their membership of the new socialist national society. It is not : that change of status is psychologically unreal. The directors of a nationalized industry are divided by as great a social and functional gulf from the workers as the capitalist employers were. The attitude of the workers towards them remains what it was before, with one important difference—that the new employers are vaguely understood to be " the State " whose resources are, or appear to be, inexhaustible. " Soak the rich ! " becomes " Soak the State ! "

Moral exhortation is not much use. Intellectual demonstration

that " the State is yourself " meets the insuperable obstacle that in forcing up his wages from £5 to £10 and so " soaking the State " the worker has no feeling that he is " soaking himself "—unless in beer. You may warn him that the consequences of pushing up wages without a corresponding increase in production will be all-round impoverishment one day. It cuts no ice ; it is too remote.

The plain fact that, without some unimaginable change in human psychology, community on the national scale *cannot* be experienced as a reality except in time of war, or in rare and fleeting conditions of corporate emotion, which almost always require a symbolic person on which to concentrate, like the king. In corporate emotion of that kind, hierarchy is accepted as natural. You cannot transfer that acceptance of hierarchy to the " big boys " of capitalist, or nationalized industry. The mana of royalty can be transferred to an admiral, a general or a judge ; but not to a sales manager, without a derogation of human dignity in the worshipper

The discrepancy between the socialist theory of the community and the man's first-hand individual experience of it is insuperable at the national level. The psychological contradiction can be ironed out by force ; but that is totalitarianism. If it is to be overcome by consent—as democracy requires—it can only be by making the basic groups, in politics and industry, small enough to be real communities of responsible members, who can see the results of what they do or fail to do. There will always be innumerable functions for which central government is quite indispensable. But let it be restricted to those.

Just as war between nations must be abolished if the species is to survive, so must the unbridled competition between individuals in the national society if the demands for security and justice are to be met. So much is common ground. But the impulses satisfied by war and economic individualism cannot be, without grave danger, merely suppressed. The impulse to self-assertion must be reconciled with the impulse to unity. Man has a just claim to feel his own validity and significance, and the claim cannot be satisfied by theoretically co-equal membership of a society of 50 or 100 millions, which entitles him to a vote once every five years : or even by equality of medical treatment when he is ill. He must experience it when he is well, in his day-to-day activity—above all in his work, which is still by far the most important part of life to him. He must feel himself to be a responsible member of a real, comprehensible community in which his personal effort counts, and his initiative and even his idiosyncrasy are valuable and valued. Says Bertrand Russell:

> The sense of bold adventure and of capacity to bring about results that are felt to be important can only be restored if power can be delegated to small groups in which the individual is not overwhelmed by mere numbers. A considerable degree

> of central control is indispensable. . . . But to the utmost extent compatible with this requisite, there should be devolution of the powers of the State to various kinds of bodies—geographical, industrial, cultural, according to their functions. The powers of these bodies should be sufficient to make them interesting, and to cause energetic men to find satisfaction in influencing them. They would need, if they were to fulfil their purpose, a considerable measure of financial autonomy. Nothing is so damping and deadening to initiative as to have a carefully thought out scheme vetoed by a central authority which knows almost nothing about it and has no sympathy with its objects. Yet this is what is constantly happening in Britain under our system of centralized control. Something more elastic and less rigid is needed if the best brains are not to be paralysed. And it must be a central feature of any wholesome system that as much as possible of the power should be in the hands of men who are interested in the work that is to be done.

Mutatis mutandis, that principle should be applied, that ideal envisaged, in all man's communal activities. It is undoubtedly not easy to apply in some of our large-scale industrial organizations, though democratic Socialism has accepted much too easily the economic patterns of capitalism. But, under the necessities of the times, agriculture is coming into its own again—as the most important of all our industries. It is one in which capitalist concentration has not made many inroads—its rewards are meagre by capitalist standards and the land is all over the place. The normal economic unit is the farm of 100 to 300 acres worked by a team of four to a dozen men. Its working (though far more complicated than townsmen have any idea) is comprehensible, the results of good work visible ; and the workers are knowledgeable and deeply interested in the work they do as individuals and as a whole. The whole team is excited by the saving of a field of good hay, or a good yield from a piece of wheat they fancied from the beginning. It is the habit of the farmer—at least if he has the sense to value a good spirit on the farm—to consult his men before taking an important decision. Here seems to be an admirable opportunity to establish a new pattern of industrial organization which would be in harmony with existing tradition. Indeed, some imaginative, enterprising and successful farmers have already begun the work by introducing a profit-sharing system, and a limitation on the return from their own capital.

The old socialist demand for workers' control will admittedly not be fully satisfied by such a system ; but the reasonable part of the demand would be satisfied ; the demand for a change of status. Under State-Socialism, applied in the form of nationalization, this human demand is completely ignored. Everybody working on the land—farmers and farm-labourers alike—knows that nationalization of the land is totally irrelevant to the problem of improving the worker's status. That can only be done by admitting him to responsible participation in a common enterprise ; by giving him an equitable share in the profits after paying a reasonable return on capital and a reasonable reward for management, and above all by

not merely seeking his advice—which is generally sought and given—but by setting fairly before him, in a form he can understand, the actual financial position of the enterprise, at a yearly farm-meeting over a harvest-supper.

That is only an example of how practically to follow Bertrand Russell's admirable advice :

> War and shortages and financial stringency have caused almost universal fatigue and have made hopefulness seem shallow and insincere. Success, even if at first it is on a small scale is the best cure for this mood of pessimistic weariness. And success, for most people, means breaking up our problems, and being free to concentrate on those which are not too desperately large.

Agriculture (I believe) offers an appropriate field for precisely this attitude. The problem, so to speak, is broken up already. And agriculture might serve as a paradigm of the social pattern which Bertrand Russell desires. The central government here has done the necessary things which only it could do. It has fixed prices at a level which enables the farmer to farm conscientiously and show a modest profit ; it has set up excellent nation-wide advisory services ; not quite so welcome, but nevertheless good in its present effects and further potentialities, it has compelled the farmer to keep proper accounts. Now a social initiative on the part of the industry itself is called for—to fill up with an authentically democratic tissue the space that must be left to the autonomy of the industry. I have little doubt that if the opportunity were taken it would be accompanied by a widespread vivification of those humble, but potentially very important, organs of local government, the rural parish councils, which in so many localities are in danger of extinction through indifference and apathy.

SOUTH AFRICA LOOKS AT BRITAIN

By W. R. Gordon

HOW we look at Britain, from this southern tip of the African continent, depends upon our antecedents as South Africans. For we are a polyglot people, made up on the European side not only with British and Dutch elements but with descendants of French, German and Jewish settlers plus a sprinkling from Mediterranean and Baltic countries.

To the Afrikaner, who may be Dutch, French or German in origin, views on Britain are not at all likely to be uniform. The *Jongspan*—a children's newspaper published in Afrikaans—refers to Holland as "*Ons Vaderland*". But with many Afrikaners, Dr. Malan among them, it would be equally true to speak of France as "*ma patrie*"—the home of the Huguenots. Again there are centres in South Africa where Nazidom still flourishes and real hatred of Britain burns fiercely in hearts forever German. Unbelievable though it may seem, there is a Hitler Centre in a certain town in Natal.

To the loyal Afrikaner, who generally supports the United Party, the Treaty of Vereeniging still means something. He still senses too the magnanimity of the victors in the Act of Union. He realizes also that South Africa is virtually independent to-day. A Republic could make him no freer than he is now. In fact, to judge from the utterances of some of the out-and-out republicans the breaking of the British connection would mean education of a particularly pernicious racial character for his children, no freedom of the press and nationalist propaganda over the air. The loyal Afrikaner, therefore, likes the true liberalism of the British Commonwealth link—one cannot call it rule nowadays—and he clings to the erstwhile Empire because he recognizes the narrow Calvinistic sectionalism of many of his co-linguistic and co-religious compatriots.

For the British who have settled here, as opposed to those who were born here, Britain means home. That is one of the charges made by the Afrikaner nationalists against them. To the Afrikaner South Africa is his only home country ; only too often he knows no other. But to these born and bred in the sea-girt British Isles the nostalgia, for the green fields and lanes of England, for the heather-decked hills of Scotland or for the granite fringed mountains of Wales, never dies. All over South Africa you run into names redolent of the homeland.

Kenilworth, a suburb of Cape Town ; Kensington, part of Johannesburg, or Dundee in Natal bespeak the kin of their founders. Of course the Dutch and German names are perpetuated too, as in Utrecht, Heidelburg and Middelburg ; so the British settlers have no monopoly of this form of homesickness.

But to the young South African lad or lass, born of British parents, Britain may seem distant—even foreign. Until this year, when fortunately many young South Africans are setting out to explore Britain—by hiking if necessary—it must be remembered that the Union has been isolated by war. For ten years normal traffic has been suspended. It is true that the air services have brought Heath Row within 36 hours of Palmietfontein but only a sprinkling of South Africans can afford or need to go that way.

There is, of course, some appreciation of Britain's part in the war and understanding, in certain quarters, of what she went through. But, to a people who suffered no war damage and mostly endured only a petrol shortage the realization, except to those who have visited Britain since the war, is not very great. As for the stand which Britain made for freedom, those Afrikaners who served in the Union Defence Forces—and they were many—together with the English-speaking people of the older generation comprehend that well enough. But for those rabidly nationalistic elements, who grew beards to show their anti-British sentiments and who are growing them now for the unveiling of the Voortrekker Monument next December, a British victory was a set-back, if not a disaster, for Afrikanerdom. Up till 1942, at any rate, many of these people hoped for a German victory. At Hitler's hands they then expected a republic, as reward for their sabotage and hostility towards Britain.

To the younger generation of English-speaking South Africans, the British connection becomes less and less important. During the 1948 election campaign General Smuts spoke at a great United Party rally in the Johannesburg City Hall. It was crammed from floor to gallery. When he entered everyone stood up and the leader received a great personal ovation which lasted several minutes. As he rose to speak the applause was strident. But, when he came to refer to the British Commonwealth, though there was some perfunctory clapping on the floor of the hall, there was only one solitary ' hear-hear ' from the packed gallery. Of the two national anthems " *Die Stem van Suid-Afrika* " (The Voice of South Africa)—an excellent anthem by the way—was sung with fervour ; hardly anyone upstairs sang " God Save the King."

And yet the royal visit did immense good to the Commonwealth cause. All South Africans who came into contact, however remote, with the royal family, speak with pleasure and pride of their experiences. In particular the graciousness of Her Majesty the Queen

both impressed and endeared her to them. One railway official, who afterwards said on quite a separate occasion, that, if he had been old enough as a boy, he would have fought for the Boer republics, was most eloquent in praise of the King, the Queen and the Princesses, of whom he had seen much during their tour.

There is no doubt, too, that the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Malan to London has done great good in cementing the relationships between the people of Great Britain and the peoples of South Africa. But Dr. Malan is a man of seventy-four—only four years younger than General Smuts—and when he goes the situation may be just as serious for South Africa and the Commonwealth as when General Smuts goes. Then, if the Nationalist party should still be in power, the republican idea will be in the ascendant from the Limpopo to Cape Agulhas.

Another influence upon South African opinion in this important matter of what used to be called inter-imperial relations especially at the present time, is the socialist Government now in power in Britain. Socialism—and indeed Communism too—is alien to the South African concept of life. It is true that, here in the Union, we have had our railways Government controlled for close on 40 years and we live under a multitude of bureaucratic regulations, which the present economic situation of the Union seems likely to increase instead of reduce. But we have learnt that national ownership and efficiency are by no means synonymous. At a time when the Union ports were literally choked with goods, when the railways were, it was stated, carrying goods and passengers to capacity, considerable deficits were being made. Unfortunately, as the British railways will doubtless discover to their cost in time, Government control means political interference. A grievances commission has been examining allegations of political influence—in favour of the prosecution of the war, the Commonwealth and the United Party—during the last ten years. The hearings, public and reported in the press, have done much to stir up racial bitterness.

But the railways and the Government apart, South Africans are fervent believers in private enterprise. While there has been some suggestion from Nationalist quarters, since the last election, that the gold mines should be nationalized, no one takes the idea seriously. In fact the notion has been denied by Ministers in Parliament only recently. Everyone knows that South Africa would not be the biggest gold producer in the world to-day had the mines not been in the hands of private enterprise. And in secondary industry too there is strong feeling on this subject ; there have been protests in the press against the continuance of Government management of the Klipfontein D.D.T. factory in the Transvaal and of the saw milling industry in the Cape.

South Africans are quite willing that the Electricity Supply Commission should be a public body and that ISCOR, the steel producing organization, should be 95 per cent. Government owned. Those undertakings were too big for South African private enterprise to finance when they were first promoted. But there is a swing away from municipal control in the passenger transport industry. While the Cape tramways are run by a private company, making a profit and giving the municipality a share, the Johannesburg trams and buses under municipal management are losing £200,000 per year. Pretoria and Durban, where the transport is also council-controlled, are in no better case. A recent report by a commission investigating the Durban transport situation, has recommended a public utility corporation, separate altogether from the city council. The same policy has even been urged by the chairman of the tramways and lighting committee of the Johannesburg municipality.

And, in a country where your plumber owns his own house, where his wife employs at least one and, probably, two Native servants, and who comes to do his work for you in his own car, there can be little real sympathy for socialist principles. The Labour movement and trade unionism are not very strong in South Africa. Both in Parliament and in the local councils of the bigger cities, Labour is being squeezed out politically. The divisions of political feeling are along quite different lines—racial and linguistic. In the trade unions, perhaps, the main desire is to prevent the Native from competing with the qualified European tradesman.

When South Africans read about austerity, lack of meat and high taxation in Britain they have cause to feel happy that they do not need to endure these things. Yet, due to lack of both dollars and sterling, austerity is on the way and, thanks to several years' droughts, a severe meat shortage is in sight. While taxation may, most fortunately, be low, the cost of living is high and rising.

But South Africans are against regimentation, something which they think the present generation in Britain puts up with far too readily. The Afrikaner has always wanted to be his own boss and has ever resented Government interference, from whatever source. Before the British came, permanently, to South Africa, the burghers were in revolt against the régime of the Dutch East India Company. And then, because of the restrictive policies of successive colonial secretaries in Whitehall and the pettiness of local governors at the Cape, the Voortrekkers—some 4,000 people in all—sought freedom in what is now the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Natal. Like the Irish, they have a long national memory and still cherish this 115-year-old grievance. It was this desire to be left alone, to govern themselves as best they might, that led them to set up as many as eight small republics at one time, in those parts of Africa they had

carved out as their own domain.

In fact, it is this dislike of Socialism, carried to its logical conclusion in Communism, which makes the Afrikaner appreciate that he must stay within the Commonwealth. It is the fear of a rising tide of Communism among the Natives, Coloureds and Asiatics, who outnumber the Whites in the Union by almost four to one, that makes the Afrikaner realize he cannot stand alone.

Many South Africans—and not only the British section of the population, as the " parcels for Britain " movement has shown—realize the short commons which Britons have to endure to-day. Thousands, too, send private parcels to friends and relatives in Britain every month. But they wonder, for they have seen in their own land the ineffectiveness of bureaucratic meat control, whether the British Ministry of Food is altogether the distressed victim of adverse world conditions it likes to pose as being, and whether the British meat trade—as it was organized before the war—would not have been more successful as meat providers than Mr. Strachey and Dr. Edith Summerskill.

Then South Africans have read, with interest, articles in their own press about the working out of the British State medical service. They have laughed at the great demand for wigs—which evidently took the planners by surprise—and they note with concern, the lag in the supply of dentures and spectacles. And they have wondered at the staggering cost of it all, fastened on to a people straitened in circumstances, wearied by years of war and on the stony path of economic recovery. To illustrate the difference between the South African and the British points of view it may be remarked that when, some months ago, the Transvaal Government tried to introduce, by ordinance, a State medical scheme, the doctors successfully resisted. When pressure was put upon them they withdrew their voluntary hospital services, leaving the permanent staff and the medical students to get on as best they might. To some South Africans, at least, the attitude of British doctors, dentists and patients, has appeared supine in the extreme.

And, of course, South Africans have marvelled at the colossal inaccuracy of the socialist planners' estimates. To Mr. Aneurin Bevan, apparently, a mistake of so trifling a sum as £60,000,000 may be argued away by sheer rhetoric at the next party conference. On the British Minister of Health's housing efforts, South Africans are in no position to criticise. Their own failure in this direction is only too self-evident.

To a people whose British section consists mostly of miners, artisans and clerks, the downfall of the British upper and middle classes might seem of no moment. But there is a middle class here, developed out of the growing prosperity in the country. As the

carpenter, the plumber or the solicitor's clerk prospered, so they set out in business or in the professions for themselves. And, as opportunities multiplied, so they bought property, became shop proprietors, company directors and so forth. They have climbed out of the rut into which Socialism appears to want to drag us all down. There are, as in Britain, far too many people in South Africa to-day particularly among the rank and file, who do not work hard enough. But those who have risen in this country have done so through hard work and brains. There is plenty of opportunity here for the others to rise too. And those who have risen do not look kindly upon socialist ventures in " planning " nor in State enterprises because the ideas they contain are alien to their own.

If the British Commonwealth is to survive—and it could be, as Cecil Rhodes believed, the greatest power for peace on earth—the British people must cease to be so preoccupied with their own problems, such as lack of coal, of meat and of dollars. They must be strong militarily—at least until Soviet imperialism is at an end—and they must cease to worry about doctrinal schemes of management, whether State or private enterprise. Above all they must look abroad to their kinsmen on South Africa, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and elsewhere.

Here, in the Union, the English-speaking section of the community is almost entirely silent. There has been no big political leader on their side since Merriman at the Cape, before Union took place. Botha, Hertzog, General Smuts and Dr. Malan—all Afrikaners—have been the Prime Ministers of South Africa. The House of Assembly is full of Afrikaner names, though that does not always mean much ; men with good Scottish names like Macdonald and Nicol may be such rabid Afrikaners that they cannot bear English to be spoken in their presence. While such racialism between Europeans in face of the numerical superiority of the coloured people in the Union is to be utterly deplored, it may happen. Therefore the British-speaking South Africans need to be galvanized into political activity in order to take their full share in the government of their own country.

As things stand at present, the British socialists and the South African capitalists, large and small, are poles apart. If the elections in Britain should bring a swing to the right in British politics next year, none would be more pleased than many South Africans.

JAPAN ADRIFT

Before the war our correspondent knew well a number of Japanese of the professional and business classes, and has recently been able to revisit them. To collate his impressions of these renewed friendships and acquaintances into a report seemed an unduly impersonal treatment of what are essentially personal matters, and he therefore presents them here as the thoughts and reflections of a composite family whose characters and views are common to several of those with whom he talked.

MORI TSUNEHIKO is a figment of my imagination, but his problems are by no means imaginary. He is a young man, born in the year when the present Emperor came to the throne, of a respectable family not unconnected with the former feudal aristocracy. His father was a physician and his mother was a distant cousin of the Iwasaki house, the house who controlled the Mitsubishi interests. One of his uncles entered the army, and rose to the rank of major-general during the recent Pacific war. Another uncle entered the First Higher School and thence the Tokyo Imperial University, where he studied economics ; with this academic background—the best in Japan—he obtained a position in the Mitsubishi Honsha, the central holding company of the great Mitsubishi concern. Tsunehiko himself was 16 when Japan attacked Pearl Harbour and Malaya.

In those days two distinct influences were working on the boy. The influence of the school was clear. There his teachers, despite some hesitancy and distaste for the work, taught him to reverence the Emperor, to be passionately loyal to his country and to regard the China affair as a kind of crusade to impose Japanese imperialism, upon the other nations of the east who, by their failure to follow Japan's lead, were manifestly rushing on their own ruin.

At home an atmosphere very different from dogmatic Chauvinism prevailed. His father was kind but undemonstrative and silent, absorbed in his profession, yet relaxing when the uncles came to visit him. On such occasions the doctor loved to draw them out to talk about their own interests and affairs. These conversations were seldom direct and open before the war. They skirted round the edges of politics and economics, and neither soldier nor businessman was given to enunciating clear cut opinions. Tsunehiko felt instinctively that their world was one of subtler—perhaps juster—values than the crude, black and white mystic patriotism which he was taught at school. Yet from both uncles, and still more from the respectful correctness of his father, he contracted the habit of patriotic devotion and of absolute loyalty to the Emperor. It

was as natural for him to bow before the Emperor's portrait as to say " Good morning " to his parents. The references to the Emperor as a " manifest god " accorded less well with his logical and practical mind. But he had little interest in gods or religions anyway.

The internal stresses within the army, as a result of which extremist councils gradually prevailed over the wiser but indecisive attitudes of the senior officers, were very seldom touched on. He sensed that something was amiss but hardly knew what. He knew that the army officers were increasingly taking over control of all phases of national life. He felt their ineptitude and resented their arrogance. But he was forced to acknowledge that some of their basic assumptions were true. Japan had indeed come late into the great colonial race of the nations. She had obtained Korea, which was strategically and economically useful, but whose possession was marred by the almost complete incompatibility between the Korean and Japanese characters. She had secured Formosa where relations were happier ; the young idealist however could not but feel that destiny had intended the strongly practical Japanese to exercise their talents in a wider field. The success of the Japanese hemp plantations in Mindanao, of their sugar in Formosa, of their phosphates in the islands of the Pacific all seemed to show that Japan should develop those other rich, empty areas to the south—Borneo, Sumatra, New Guinea and perhaps northern Australia. He believed moreover that with Japan as a protecting " elder brother " the already developed colonial lands—the Philippines, Indo-China and Java—could make swift and happy political progress. He also felt vaguely that Japan should somehow act as guide, in efficient administration and the practical virtues, to the ancient giants of Asia, her great markets, China and India. To Tsunehiko the whole pattern of the " co-prosperity sphere " seemed so natural a development as to be almost inevitable.

From before the age when the young man began to reflect on these things however events had occurred which later troubled him. His army uncle said, in confidence, that the hot-heads in Manchuria had taken action against the orders of the Government in Tokyo, and had forced that Government—the Emperor's Government—to bow to the will of junior officers and to distort its own more temperate plans to cover up a scandal which else might shame Japan in the eyes of the world. Other hot-heads in February 1936 assassinated some of the older and wiser politicians and came out in virtual mutiny. Then the army slowly became embroiled in the interminable Chinese struggle. All this distressed the boy greatly ; and an occasional hint from his father called his attention to the way in which this military indiscipline was sapping the life of the national institutions. The very basis of the new Japan had lain in the reforms of Meiji—the adoption under imperial leadership of consultative institutions

to nurture that ability and responsibility on which the development of the country was based. He saw now the responsible leaders being murdered or thrust out, and the Emperor himself being forced from his rightful sphere into an amorphous divinity where his true wishes could more conveniently be set aside while the theories of young field officers could be forced on the people as divine commands in the Emperor's name.

But these unhappy developments did little to impair Tsunehiko's belief in Japan's civilizing mission in Asia, and greatly as he resented the boorish, subversive manner in which the militarists played their game he was forced to recognize that non-Asiatic countries were increasingly antipathetic to Japanese aspirations, and that his country must be strong in every way to carry through her plans in the face of American, British, Dutch and Australian opposition. He facilely attributed General Chiang Kai-shek's protracted intransigence to western encouragement and support, and condoned the army's desire to thrust enlightenment upon China by armed force.

These were his views—in which not only his father but both his uncles, from their different points of view, more or less agreed—when Japan declared war on the Allies in 1941. His army uncle and also his mother, expressed fears about the ability of Japan to win. The uncle with Mitsubishi showed particular anxiety about the modest size of the merchant fleet. But for Tsunehiko himself there was no doubt that Japan would win, because she must.

The next few years brought disillusionment of many kinds to the young man. He was called up for military service, his studies interrupted, and in place of the cultured humanity of his home was made to endure the bestial life and witness the bestial death of Japanese soldiers in the Burmese jungles. He saw the wasteful brutality of the building of the Siam-Burma railway with prisoner-of-war and native slave labour. He saw the animal behaviour of his countrymen towards the Korean girls who were dragged round behind the armies. He realized vaguely that his commanders sacrificed some five divisions of Japanese youth in an obstinate unwillingness to admit defeat on the Indian border. He suffered hunger, sickness, weariness and wounds, and the final humiliation of the surrender. Through it all he endured in a spirit of loyalty, but this is a portion of his life of which, while he remembers the incidents, he tries to forget the pain and scars it has left upon his mind. In 1946 he was repatriated and a new life began.

In this new post-war life he has seen changes indeed. Both his uncles have been purged. This hit the elder uncle, the major-general, particularly hard. He had no stomach—no mental or technical preparation—for any career other than the army. His small property had been in houses, now all burned down. He had no

means of livelihood at first save a supply of army uniforms, some thousands of them, for which his office had been responsible at the time of the surrender. A lieutenant-colonel in the office had persuaded him to allow the ledgers in which the uniforms were entered to be burned at the same time as the ciphers and secret papers ; and later, as he saw his senior coming nearer and nearer to the stage when he would have to beg his daily bread from his relations, the younger officer induced the general to condone the sale of the stocks on the black market. In due course this lieutenant-colonel was to be seen, along with Korean rowdies, down-at-heel ex-privates and dishonest merchants, doing a thriving business not only in cloth but also in rice, sugar, soap, cigarettes and the other paraphernalia of the "*Yami-ya*"—the "shady shop"—as the Japanese term it. For some months the general received periodical presents of money and goods on which he lived. These were the acknowledgments of his junior officer's obligation to him. Now the junior is a wealthy businessman, entertaining lavishly, holding shares and directorships in big concerns and bribing politicians to protect his interests. The major-general has set up a small but strictly honest fruit and vegetable shop and has severed all connection with his shady underling.

The other uncle has been more fortunate than many of his friends. Both his town and country houses escaped the fires caused by the American air raids. Although his personal property has been heavily taxed and he has had to sell family heirlooms in order to live and pay his debts he is still far from poverty and is not without hope of being released from the purge. He however, for the very reason that his former life and interests are not yet irretrievably overturned, is the more keenly interested in, and the more critical of, recent economic developments in Japan. He is troubled, for example, by the simultaneous fixing of the exchange rate and the curbing of subsidies to export industries. While he recognizes the need to achieve both these aims by degrees he feels that the endeavour to reach them both suddenly and at the same time will disturb seriously such valuable industries as shipbuilding, which at present cannot possibly compete in world markets owing to the enormous overhead expenses involved in its vast capitalization—and to the paucity of work on order.

He complains too that ill-considered haste in the occupation labour programme has not only made Japanese workers less industrious but has begun to undermine the old paternalism, the sense of mutual obligation between employers and employed, which has till recently been so admirable a trait in the Japanese social and economic structure.

On the more fundamental problem of how Japan is to balance her trade without raw materials, with little capital and with much of her *entrepreneur*-ial ability under the purge—with no factor of

production left intact save her labour force—and even labourers are now discouraged from working harder or in worse conditions than their brethren in the west—on this subject he is silent. When Tsunehiko mentioned this to his father Dr. Mori reminded him that his uncle's appeal from the purge is still pending. Tsunehiko took this as a hint that not every valid criticism is necessarily opportune.

Dr. Mori himself has recently become involved in an embarrassing situation. The local communist cell in one of its escapades succeeded in invading a tax office and studying the taxation figures of a number of residents in the Ebisu district of Tokyo. As a result of this it decided, with some justification, that four or five of the more reputable citizens, including Dr. Mori, were being over-taxed. It organized a small and ephemeral " Fair Taxation Association " to take the matter up with the authorities. The latter, being nervous of offending the communists and still more nervous of being accused of " undemocratic behaviour ", agreed to review the cases put up and to reassess the taxable values of the properties and incomes concerned. In the case of the Moris this resulted in a very marked easing of their burden for which the doctor is most sincerely grateful. The rub however comes with the pressing invitations now extended to him to join the communists, or if not the Communist Party at least one of the organizations which it sponsors, as a pledge of gratitude.

Meanwhile young Tsunehiko is at school again—or rather at the university—and as before he feels a different, less subtle, more radical influence from his scholastic environment. There is no longer a single, imposed ideology taught to all students, but professors, lecturers and the more mentally precocious students tend to crystallize into three groups. First are the pleasure lovers, and they include some former fellow-soldiers who were with Tsunehiko in Burma. From consolations sought in the intervals of that grim life has grown the habit of turning to the pleasures which the world and the flesh can offer. From their own disillusion and the natural hedonism of youth these young men now try to evolve a shallow philosophy ; and many of their fellows are tempted to accept this easy sloughing of responsibility and to relax into licence, thinly disguised by an unhealthy self-justification, tainted with morbid introspection.

A more manly group are the communists, led, amongst others, by the most prominent Japanese scholar in the field of Greek philosophy. These are the children of that generation of materialists who strove to find a pattern of life in the writings of Mill and the English liberals. They are materialists first and Marxists second, but they find in Marxism the term and logical conclusion of the series of tentative materialist systems with which for years their fathers dallied. Here is clear-cut dogma. Here is leadership and discipline. Here is a basis on which to undertake responsibility and build a future.

The Marxian dialectic indeed is not altogether attractive to Japanese thought and there is something crude and harsh in Soviet Marxist practice which offends the cultured Japanese and effectively repels the more squeamish of them. But many are resolutely and seriously studying the German doctrines and their Russian applications.

A third group—or rather a third movement—discernible among the students tends towards Christianity. There are efforts made, which no-one takes seriously, to reconcile the doctrines of Christ and Marx. But apart from these, increasing numbers of young men from the universities now go to church on Sunday. Some have been baptised. Some are being instructed in religion ; and many more are interested —often in their own despite. In the Mori household religion has hitherto played little save a formal rôle. Before the war one of Mrs. Mori's sisters became a Catholic and recently Tsunehiko has noticed that his mother tends the same way. He himself however has little taste for abstractions. He wishes for some more practical matter-of-fact and respectable solution to the problems of life than to follow in the footsteps of an impossible idealist who met such a sordid fate. Nevertheless more and more of his friends—of those who retain the decent and moderate virtues of himself and his father—appear to be drawn to this religion. To his surprise they seem to enjoy it, to find satisfaction in it, and yet to retain that respectability and culture of life and of mind which draws him to them.

So far has this young man come ; and there are many Japanese who resemble him in this. He does not yet know where his future course lies. It must in a measure be dictated by economic circumstance. It cannot but be influenced by the ideas which he learned before the war ; though there is no doubt that the old bonds have been loosed. Japan is spiritually adrift and American prodding has not succeeded in guiding it into the pure democratic stream—if indeed such a stream exists. Three currents are tugging it in different directions, only one of which is compatible with our western ideals. There is little hope that the country will settle down in the western mould unless it first adopts Christianity which so largely formed that mould. It seems probable that in the future as in the past Japanese actions will be the result of an uneasy compromise of divergent ideals harmonized by common interests. It appears however that these ideals may now grow stronger and more incompatible with one another than heretofore and it is doubtful whether the common interest will continue indefinitely to preserve the old semblance of unity in the nation unless some one or other of these ideals becomes strong enough to impose its will upon all dissidents.

TURKEY, THE COUNTRY WITHOUT COMMUNISTS

By Peter Schmid

KEMAL ATATURK, the statesman who shaped modern Turkey, distinguished himself from his fellow-dictators in one conspicuous particular : while they—from Corporal Hitler to Marshal Stalin—betray their weakness for uniforms, even though most of them be military amateurs, the victorious General Kemal was reluctant to wear his. Whenever you see his picture he is dressed in a dress coat and a white shirt. For this son of a Salonika customs officer, not the battleground but the salon was the symbol of mastery. Consequently the Asiatic dressed himself as a European and the officer as a *bourgeois*. This masquerade seemed to me very typical of Turkey as a whole. The country, thrown into the adventure of Europeanization by Kemal, is in a very interesting intermediate state. Tradition has been abandoned ; on the other hand the new way of life has not yet been safely established. The result is a kind of psychological vacuum. You still feel the absence of what these people have lost. Life is drab and colourless ; instead of their picturesque oriental dress men wear torn and dirty European clothes, and look like parodies of what they want to be.

To know Turkey, it is not enough to stay at Istanbul and make only a short visit to Ankara, as most correspondents do. Anatolia shows the true soul of Turkey, not that ancient harlot who corrupted the ingenious peasant-vitality of the Osmanlis, cosmopolitan Constantinople. To-day the splendour of the town that shared, for a period, the domination of the world with Rome, has vanished. What Byzantium was in former times can best be imagined from the antique shops of the Bazaar. Very often the shopkeepers do not know what treasures they keep ; a peasant finds them while ploughing his field, sells them in the town, and the shopkeeper resells them at a small profit without further bother. Here you see the primitive small animal toys of the Hittites, Greek or Roman statues, Byzantine ikons, ancient Persian carpets, all relics of a varied and eventful history. This is still Europe ; Istanbul with its mixed population and its monuments of the past belongs to the Mediterranean community. Anatolia does not.

As soon as you enter Anatolia you feel a certain uneasiness. The Turks here are sentimental and sad people. We cannot understand

their popular music which appears to us as strange and disrupted. Almost every day you may read in the newspaper the story of some wild murder, mostly out of disappointed or betrayed love. As with the Spaniards, the knife of these people is very loose in the sheath.

Terrible, passionate crimes are expiated in a very civilized way, according to the regulations of the Italian penal law which has been adopted by the Turks. The general Mustapha Kemal, of the western frock-coat, introduced most enlightened legislation from Europe which is not yet entirely in keeping with the primitive soul of this people. Turkey has one side turned towards progress and civilization, the other towards the Asiatic tradition which, in spite of all the reforms, is still alive.

The Janus face of modern Turkey is apparent above all in Ankara, the new capital. In spite of the reluctance of the Turks to accept this artificially created capital in the middle of Anatolia—business and pleasure still prefer Istanbul, and even the higher civil servants prefer to spend their week-ends and holidays in the easier atmosphere of the former capital—it is the true political centre of the country, where all important decisions are prepared and taken. If you climb up to the old citadel, in whose walls you discover the finest pieces of Roman architecture, a fascinating and strange view opens before your eyes : the hills all around are covered with tiny bungalows, like an immense camp. I was told that an old Turkish law fixed that a house built in one night on public ground was the property of its builder. So do they look, all these dirty sheds and earthen holes, as if built in one night and sheltering centuries of misery. But when you turn round you behold, down in the plain, the wonderful view of a modern town, with high new buildings : the banks, the opera, the university, the youth park with a large artificial pond and happy well-dressed children playing with their nurses. A new House of Parliament, the largest in the world after Westminster is in the course of construction, with gorgeous halls and offices and technical peculiarities, as for instance a lift that runs horizontally as well as vertically. Outside the town, on a hill, the beginnings of a mausoleum for Kemal Atatürk tower up. It will be a huge classical building conceived under the influence of a Hitlerite architect during the war. As it is too heavy for the sandy soil the beginnings alone cost about ten million Turkish pounds. It seems that the Turkish Government disposes of unlimited resources. . . . But then, when you turn round again on the citadel, the aspect of misery strikes your eye once more. You see men dressed like scarecrows and barefooted children playing in the mud. Though I entered Turkey from the Arab countries and so was used to misery, this view frightened me because, without the charm of the oriental scenery, the warmth of an ever smiling sun and the gay carelessness of the Arabs, the

whole aspect is one of almost ghostly dreariness. You are told that there are only six hospital beds for every 10,000 inhabitants (in the eastern provinces only two beds for every 100,000 !) that 40,000 people die from tuberculosis every year and that there are only 2,000 beds at their disposal. Though American military aid has done a great deal in building new roads, many important highways in Anatolia are in a deplorable state. You look back at the wonderful buildings of the new régime at Ankara and you understand that they are only façades, that the revolution of Kemal Atatürk meant in reality only a change of government and of costumes.

Up to the 1914-1918 war the Turkish economy was almost entirely dominated by foreign capital. In the 'twenties ports, railways, shipping, banking, were nationalized as a consequence of the national liberation. In the 'thirties and especially during the 1939-1945 war the development towards State-owned economy was pushed forward to a very great extent. Alcohol, tobacco and sugar were made monopolies. Mines, steel, textiles, chemicals and electrical industries were nationalized. To-day 55 per cent. of the national economy is in the hands of the Sümer Bank, which in fact is no bank in the proper sense but a State-administrative board. During the war, in 1942, when no belligerent could venture to do anything against Turkey, the famous " *varlik* " taxed all foreigners so exorbitantly as to ruin thousands of them, especially the minorities like Greeks, Jews and Armenians, who could not get financial help from their Governments. It was a highly arbitrary action in order to eliminate them from the national economy.

One has to bear in mind the despotic character of Turkish *étatisme* to understand the difference in Europe, where State-socialist tendencies develop automatically out of the people's wish for security and welfare. In Turkey, however, State control was but a continuation of the national liberation on the economic level. In politics the victorious generals assumed power. So they did in the economic field ; officers and big shots of the Kemalist Popular Party got the most lucrative posts in the administration ; they took the foreign enterprises stranded by the " *varlik* " and earned millions of pounds. At bottom the Turkish *étatisme* is no State-capitalism but a capitalism of the statesmen. It is without the advantages of the European variety which has a social trend and a firm control of the economy to the—at least theoretical—benefit of the people; on the other hand it suffers from all the same diseases, such as lack of enterprise under the impact of an impotent bureaucracy. As a result the Turkish economy goes from bad to worse. The Government has lost control of prices which soar incessantly without apparent reason, but probably because of unscrupulous speculation. Everybody knows that things are wrong, everybody agrees that the huge

administration, consisting of an army of miserably paid and therefore completely inefficient civil servants, ought to be reduced. But how to dismiss hundreds of thousands of people where there is no private enterprise of any importance to give them work ? There is also a tendency towards ' re-privatization ' of certain branches of the economy. But nobody wants factories brought low by mismanagement, at the risk of being deprived of them later on by a despotic Act, when they make profits again. American and Swiss capitalists are invited to place their money in promising projects such as hotels, or new industrial plants. They will not take the risk without a constitutional guarantee that such robberies as the " *varlik* " will not happen again. But the Turks do not give it.

The economic dilemma dominates political life in Turkey. Celal Bayar, the former economic adviser of Kemal Atatürk who disagreed with the leaders of the People's Party, founded a Democrat Party of his own in 1946 which succeeded in getting a fair number of otes in the elections of that year. In the meanwhile a very intensive campaign has expanded the influence of Celal Bayar into every village. He has become the idol of the peasants who prostrate in front of him to kiss his feet ; so far goes the dislike of the Populist Government. It is very likely that in the elections of 1950 the Democrats will win and form a new Government. They claim for a return to free enterprise and for the abolition of monopolies. But it is easier to nationalize than to go back to private trading. Many progressive young Turks doubt whether Celal Bayar, who is an old man, would be able to direct this counter-revolution to the right end and wonder whether his assuming power would not simply mean profits to big business without a real relief for the people. Therefore many of them, especially the intellectuals, support a progressive group within the Republican Party, led by the Foreign Secretary Necmet Sadak and the Vice-Premier Nihat Erim, and supported by the President of State, Ismet Inönü. These politicians want to give to State capitalism its only justification to make it the backbone of social progress.

It is astonishing that Turkey, in spite of appalling conditions, has not any revolutionary party based on economic discontent. There are different reasons for this. First of all there is a very strong and efficient police. In political life we also find a Janus face : a parliamentary régime with all political liberties guaranteed by the constitution on the one side, and a barely concealed despotism on the other. A new press law is under consideration which will give even more complete freedom to the newspapers than they have enjoyed so far. Actually almost all the big newspapers belong to the opposition and criticize the Government in a very open way. Yet you notice with astonishment that your Turkish acquaintances are very reluctant to speak openly on political matters and that they add, if they do, the

request : " Please do not let anybody know that you got information from me. " I heard that Nazi Hikmet, the most important lyric poet of Turkey is in prison for political reasons and that the novelist Sabahattan Ali was killed a few months ago by the police. Foreigners are watched closely. Foreign correspondents notice that their mail has been opened. An American colonel in charge of the Truman aid told me that repeatedly, when coming home unexpectedly, he has been addressed and held up in the street by unknown persons ; afterward he discovered that in the meanwhile his flat had been searched.

As yet the efficiency of the Turkish police has prevented Communism from spreading from intellectual circles, where there are a few theoretical admirers of it, to the people. There is no fifth communist column in Turkey. But the police cannot claim the credit ; the reason to a great extent is the inborn loyalty of the Turkish citizen, who is no anarchist as almost all his Mediterranean neighbours are, but is conscious of belonging to " *Herrenrasse* " with a very strong sense of solidarity. " We are like the English," Suria Agaoglou, the leading woman-lawyer of Istanbul told me, " we are as reserved, as proud, and, if necessary, as faithful and disciplined as they are." For ages Russia has been the arch enemy of Turkey and has not given up her claims to the Straits and some eastern provinces. There is no Communism in Turkey because adherence to this ideology would mean national treason, and for the Turks national discipline comes above social conditions. On the other hand in Government quarters there is a certain nervousness—" *Hannibal ante portas* "—against any attempt to bring the social question into politics. A new law for the protection of the State is under consideration which will provide the possibility of legal action against anybody who might try to propagate the idea of a class-struggle. This gives, of course, the legal means to suppress not only a communist uprising but even a legal socialist movement as well.

The younger political party in Turkey is the National Party directed by the former Chief of Staff, Mr. Chakmak, which uses the religious question as its demagogic vehicle. The Turks are a very pious people, in spite of the atheistic passion of Kemal Atatürk, who eliminated the influence of the Islamic clergy in political matters. He confiscated the properties of the Church and secularized education, but the people faithfully continued their daily prayers in the mosques. As a matter of fact Kemal's anti-religious measures were highly unpopular. Already the Government has had to go back on his laicism by restoring religious teaching in the schools and in founding training colleges for priests. Mr. Chakmak claims the complete restoration of the rights of the Church which would plunge Turkey in a deadly fight between Sunnites and Shiites, the two main con-

fessions in Islam. Fortunately the National Party which also fosters, as the name implies, nationalistic feelings among his adherents, is not very strong ; the Populists and the Democrats have concluded an agreement not to use the dangerous religious weapon against each other.

One of the most interesting ideas of the National Party, which at a certain time became very popular, is its resistance to far-reaching co-operation with the U.S.A. Let us go our own way, they claim; let us in a coming war maintain our neutrality as we did in the last. In fact, apart from the "*pan-turanist*" Hotspurs who would like to liberate all the Turks of the Caucasus, Azerbaijan and Turkestan from Russian rule—there are about 60 million Turks outside the borders of Turkey—the prospect of a war against Soviet Russia is not popular at all. In Greece an English-speaking foreigner is hailed as an American ; but the Turks are far too proud to be grateful for the enormous military and economic aid they get. Only reluctantly do they accept the control of the Americans, who want to make sure that their presents are used effectively. When Turkey was not included in the Atlantic Pact—a fact of no importance, as owing to the Anglo-Turkish treaty Turkey would never be abandoned to fight alone against a Russian aggressor—it was considered an affront by this extremely touchy people, and the nationalistic idea of a new neutrality was propagated widely in the Turkish press. But it seems that such a decision does not lie with the Turks but with the hidden forces which direct the history of our time.

(*The author, a Swiss journalist, after an extended tour of the Middle East has just returned from Turkey.*)

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

By Sir William P. Barton

THE north-west frontier of the Indian sub-continent is of almost equal importance strategically as the Persian Gulf, with which, from a military point of view, it is closely linked. It is the one great international frontier of the Commonwealth, nearly 2,000 miles in length, extending from the Karakorams in the far North of Kashmir to the Arabian Sea. In the far north it marches with Sinkiang, a Chinese province dominated by Russia. Thence, for a short stretch, it skirts Russian Turkistan along the Pamirs, then turns South and for the rest of its length lies through the mountain hinterland of the Afghan border tribes. From Chitral adjoining the Pamirs to Baluchistan, the boundary is the Durand Line, settled by agreement with the Afghan Government in 1894. Throughout its length, the frontier passes through Muslim territory, most of it occupied by fanatical tribesmen. Sinkiang is predominantly Muslim. On the Kashmir side, in this region, are the small semi-independent Muslim states of Hunza, Nagar, Pannial and Gilgit.

Is this great frontier securely held ? The first point to notice is that the responsibility for its protection now lies on Pakistan, a responsibility which, before the birth of the two Dominions, belonged to the Government of India, which not only disposed of resources infinitely greater than those available to Pakistan but because of its close association with Britain could rely on the might of the British Empire for support in an emergency. Most of the British Indian Army was massed on the frontier or in adjacent cantonments in the Punjab. In one respect, however, the position is more favourable for Pakistan than for its predecessors, in that, as a Muslim power, it can hope to attract the loyalty never given to Britain, of the fanatical Muslim border tribesmen. Because the attitude of the tribes has, so far, been friendly, the Pakistan Government has felt able to withdraw practically all its regular forces from the frontier, relying on the Frontier Irregular Corps and a few aeroplanes to maintain the peace. This measure was adopted mainly because of the danger of civil war over the Kashmir dispute.

So far the confidence of the Pakistan Government has been justified, and apart from a hostile demonstration by the Faqir of Ipi, a fanatical leader of a small group of Waziris in the mountainous

hinterland in the south of the province, there has been no serious trouble on the border. But this can only continue if the Afghan Government maintains friendly relations with Pakistan. Unfortunately its attitude has, of late, been at the best doubtful. The authorities at Kabul have never really accepted the 1894 border settlement. They have felt all along that the Afghan Government was entitled to the allegiance of the border tribes on the Indian side of the Durand Line, and they have sought in devious ways to attract them into their orbit. So long as there was no interference in their internal affairs, the tribesmen welcomed the friendship of Kabul. Their spiritual home was, in fact, Kabul rather than Delhi, headquarters of an infidel government. At times they gave trouble to the Afghan authorities by supporting insurgent movements on the Afghan side. That their material support could be of value was shown in 1929 when Waziri contingents from the British-Indian side of the boundary overthrew the usurper Bacha Saqqao and placed Nadir Shah on the Afghan throne.

When, six or seven years ago, at the time of the Cripps mission, it appeared certain that Britain would shortly withdraw from India, the Afghan authorities came into the open and told the British Minister at Kabul that they did not consider the Frontier Province to be British India ; it was Afghan and the people ought to be given a separate government. This action on the part of the Afghan Government naturally encouraged the Red-Shirt movement on the frontier, led by Abdul Ghaffar and his brother Dr. Khan Sahib, the object of which, although the party was allied with the Indian Congress in its challenge to British supremacy, was an independent republic allied with Afghanistan. At this time there had been no decision to divide India. In 1947 when the Muslim demand for Pakistan was accepted by the British Government, an effort was made to meet the Afghan view-point to some extent by carrying out a referendum in the frontier province on the question of whether the Afghans there wished to join India or Pakistan. The verdict was in Pakistan's favour. These proceedings were resented in Kabul ; the Afghan Government still contended that the north-west frontier should be set apart from the Indian political sphere.

Relations between Afghanistan and the new Government of Pakistan, were, at the outset of the career of the latter, friendly. In fact, in June of last year, H.R.H. Shahwali Khan, uncle of the Afghan King and Ambassador of his Government at Karachi, told a press conference there that Afghanistan was no longer interested in the idea of the independence of the north-west frontier. This apparently was not the official view and the Kabul press and radio gave out that the Ambassador had been incorrectly reported. Later on, in February, Shahwali Khan returned to Kabul ; recently the Afghan

Chargé d'affaires has been recalled. For months the officially controlled press and radio of Kabul have carried on a campaign of vilification against Pakistan, especially with regard to the methods adopted by the Pakistan authorities to control the activities of the Faqir of Ipi and his followers. Pakistan was charged with indiscriminate and brutal bombing of the Faqir's supporters. The truth is that an Ipi *Lashkar* (armed tribal contingent) was bombed and dispersed when engaged in destroying a bridge of strategic importance in the Tochi Valley. Resentment was expressed in Kabul at the assertion by H. E. Khwaja Nazim-ud-din, the Governor General, that the tribal areas to the Durand Line were part and parcel of Pakistan. As against this, the Kabul authorities claimed at least that the mountainous hinterland of the semi-independent tribes between the boundary of the settled districts of the north-west frontier and the Durand Line was really part of Afghanistan. Recently the Afghan Government has moved two divisions of troops to the frontier adjacent to the Khyber Pass. In point of fact, it is obvious that official circles in Kabul find it difficult to renounce their dreams of Afghanistan *irredenta.*

The attitude of Kabul is an enigma to public opinion in Karachi. There is some suspicion—surely baseless—that India may be playing a hand in the game ; more generally the view is held that Russia is endeavouring to create trouble on the frontier in the expectation that the result would be to make a settlement of the Kashmir problem impossible and so bring on a civil war. In the confusion that would follow, the field would be open to a communist irruption, both in the Middle East and in the Indian subcontinent. Another view is that Afghan diplomacy aims at taking advantage of Pakistan's difficulties to strengthen its position on the frontier. This is probably correct. The Afghan Government would doubtless be satisfied if it could regard the frontier tribes as loosely attached to Afghanistan rather than to its neighbour. It is not in a position, anyway, to attack Pakistan without the full support of all the tribesmen on both sides of the frontier. It is thought in Karachi that the object of the irredentist activities in Kabul might possibly be to divert the attention of the tribes in Afghanistan from their grievances by enlisting their support in a campaign of national aggression. The movement of troops in the Khyber direction is probably intended mainly to overawe the Mohmand and Safi tribesmen where unrest is threatened. Other sections of the Pakistan Press criticize the claim of the Afghan Government to stand forth as the champion of the Afghan tribes generally. After all, it is argued, Afghanistan is a patch-work of tribes which do not form a nation. Of the ten or eleven millions of the population of the country, barely half are Pathans or Afghans. The rest are Hazaras, Usbegs and Tajiks, most of them Shiahs as

against the Afghan Sunnis, while Hazaras and Tajiks mostly speak Persian. For these people Afghan nationalism has little attraction.

The Kabul appeal to Pathan sentiment has met with an unfavourable response from the tribes on the Pakistan side of the frontier. Mass meetings have been held in many parts of tribal territory from Chitral downwards at which resolutions have been passed condemning the propaganda of the Afghan Government and rejecting its claim to champion the cause of Pathan unity. The tribes generally, have emphasized their loyalty to the Pakistan Government. One point that has been pressed at these assemblies is that the Pakistan Government provides £7,500,000 sterling for the administration of the border, much of which goes in one form or other to the tribes ; the exiguous budget of Afghanistan could not compete with such liberality ; it hardly equals the amount of the Pakistan subsidy. Undoubtedly the tribes on the Pakistan side of the frontier feel that their interests lie in supporting a Muslim state that may develop into the strongest Muslim empire in the world. They are intelligent enough to realize that without their support the new state would be in a difficult position and they will utilize the fact to their own advantage.

There may be some substance in the opinion expressed in the Karachi press that the Afghans see in the strained relations between Pakistan and India an opportunity of promoting their claims against Pakistan. Not unnaturally, in these circumstances, the attitude of the Indian Government to the crisis on the Afghan border is a subject of anxiety for the Pakistan Government. An expression of sympathy with the Red-Shirts by Pandit Nehru recently on the ground that they had fought with Congress the battle of freedom, was much resented. Reports from press correspondents of Karachi newspapers regarding the activities of the Afghan Embassy in Delhi are given more publicity than perhaps they deserve. It is thought that the Indian Government may be considering the grant of a loan to Afghanistan which is known to be in financial difficulties. The installation of a wireless telephone service between Delhi and Kabul as well as the recently signed trade agreement between the two countries are regarded as indicating closer and more friendly relations. In any case, it is clear enough that the Kabul authorities are doing their best to get Indian opinion on their side. What Delhi thinks is probably reflected in a despatch from its special correspondent of a leading Calcutta daily *The Amrita Bazar Patrika*. " Policy-making circles in Delhi," he notes, " are keeping a sympathetic eye on the Afghan moves against Pakistan on behalf of the tribal people. Naturally we would like Afghanistan to look more to us than to others. Our relations with Kabul are improving." He refers then to the trade treaty and to the new telephone connection between the two capitals. He remarks further that the Afghan Government had always claimed the tribal

areas and was trying to force the pace while Pakistan was involved in trouble over Kashmir. Another point was that the Afghans felt that a pledge given by Pakistan to protect the independence of the tribes had been broken. The writer of the despatch then goes on to observe that Persia was following the example of the Afghans in bringing pressure to bear on the Pakistan Government in the hope of recovering Baluchistan.

Though the attitude of India to the crisis on the frontier is not altogether clear, it is obvious enough that Delhi statesmen, at all events till recently, regarded the troubles of Pakistan with her neighbours as no affair of theirs ; India was under no obligation morally or otherwise, to use her good offices to bring the two together. The prospect of a war between Afghanistan and Pakistan was apparently viewed with unconcern in the Indian Foreign Office.

But has it not occurred to Delhi politicians that possible developments from disturbances on the frontier might react prejudicially on Indian interests ? Suppose for example, that thanks largely to the non-delivery by India of the munitions of war to which Pakistan was entitled, the armies of Pakistan had been driven across the Indus. Would not this have reduced Pakistan to a political nonentity only able to maintain its existence by allying itself with the victor ? Defeated and deprived of the frontier province and Sind it could not hold its own against India. The outcome would be the establishment of militant Islam on the Indian border. Would Delhi regard such a development with equanimity ? Whether Pakistan joined them or not, the victorious Afghan armies and tribal contingents would inevitably sweep into Kashmir, flinging down the gauntlet to the new Hindu Empire.

The danger of war—not merely speculative—has, for the time being, receded into the background, mainly because of the loyalty of the border tribesmen to Pakistan. As already noted, without the support of these tribesmen, the Afghan Government could not commence hostilities with any hope of success, especially if the tribes ranged themselves on the side of Pakistan.

Is the north-west frontier proof against aggression from Afghanistan backed by the great power that dominates Central Asia ? The answer must be in the negative if Pakistan has to face the danger alone. Where can she look for support ? Obviously to Delhi. And morally she is entitled to do so. But encouragement from that quarter can be expected only if the two countries establish a close *entente* with a further understanding that India would supply Pakistan with munitions and possibly in an emergency give the Pakistan forces support from the air.

That Indian and Pakistani ground troops should stand shoulder to shoulder is unfortunately, in existing conditions, perhaps too

much to hope for. That the clouds on the frontier would lift there is little doubt if only India abandoned her attitude of neutrality and made it clear that to meet an attack on the north-west frontier by the Afghan Government Pakistan would have Indian support. Afghanistan would not plunge into an adventure with such dangerous possibilities even with the tribes on its side. Early in July the Afghan Government through its Ambassador in London endeavoured to enlist the support of the British Government in its claims against Pakistan. This was refused. Later on Mr. Noel-Baker speaking in the House of Commons made it clear that H.M. Government regarded the Durand Line as the boundary between Afghanistan and Pakistan. He refused to pledge the Government to give military aid to Pakistan if attacked but the implication was that support would be given.

The omens of an improvement in the relations of India and Pakistan are more favourable than a few months ago. The courageous statesmanship that led Pandit Nehru to pledge his country to stay in the Commonwealth suggests at least that the Foreign Office at Delhi is awake to the threat of Communism from the north-west. What stands in the way of improved relations is the quarrel over Kashmir. That quarrel has, indeed, become an issue of international importance. The active intervention of UNO at one time seemed to promise an early settlement. At the moment, the prospects are unfavourable and something approaching a deadlock has arisen over the demand of India that the *Azad* or revolutionary army of some 38 battalions, which under Pakistan control now holds a great part of Western Kashmir, should be disbanded before the referendum is undertaken. To this the Pakistan authorities refuse to agree. Acceptance might, they think, put India in such a strong position as to make her victory certain. In taking action to avert the growing danger from the north-west, the Government of India could not do better than attempt a reasonable settlement of the Kashmir issue. The UNO Delegation has an international complexion ; if a compromise is to be considered seriously both parties might welcome the participation of Dominion statesmen, particularly from the Dominions most interested, New Zealand, Australia and Canada.

With friendship between Muslim and Hindu cemented by an agreed settlement of the Kashmir problem, there is little doubt that the Afghans would modify their attitude. To help bring this about the leading western nations might well endeavour through their embassies in Kabul to influence the Afghan Foreign Office. Is it unreasonable to suggest that the Pakistan Government through its Ambassador in Kabul should hold out the olive branch ? There will never be real peace in the borderland until the country on both sides of the Durand Line is opened up, the standard of living of the

tribes improved, and a decent administration established. Pakistan might propose the evolving of a joint policy to achieve this object. Another point worth considering is the concession of a port on the Makran coast in Baluchistan to the Afghan Government. For a long time they have been desirous of acquiring such a port and by this means of establishing direct contact with the outside world. A corridor would, of course, be necessary. The gift of such a port would not weaken the Pakistan position ; it would be an act of friendship which would be greatly appreciated by the Afghans generally. Direct access to the sea is almost essential to the economic development of the country. It is true that existing ports such as Pasni and Gwadar are not very promising because of the shallow approach ; one of them could probably be improved so as to meet Afghan requirements. An Afghan corridor and port in Baluchistan would, of course, be a complete denial of the reported claim of Persia to that country. It is, however, difficult to believe that Persia is likely to put such a claim forward seriously. The Persians have never in the past two centuries had any kind of control over Baluchistan. What earthly use could they make of its vast barren plains with their minute population ? Afghanistan, in any case, would never agree to Persia monopolizing its southern border.

A strong and friendly Afghanistan is of great importance to the maintenance of peace in the Middle East, as well as on the north-west frontier. Rapid progress in the economic field is the *sine qua non* of the development of Afghan power. It would be wise policy on the part of the western powers to give all possible assistance to the Afghan Government in carrying out its plans of economic development.

The Chinese communists now control practically all the country up to the Burma border ; how far they will conform to Soviet policy is not clear. Standing together, India and Pakistan should be able to ward off threatened trouble in the east ; the mere fact that they have achieved unity and that India is prepared to support her neighbour should slow down a communist programme in the north-west. Should the need arise the two new Dominions would be entitled to call on their associates in the Commonwealth for support which-one feels would be readily given especially by Australia and New Zealand. And let us hope that diplomacy may bring about a complete understanding between Afghanistan and her neighbour Pakistan.

THE POPULATION REPORT

By G. F. McCleary

"WHAT I like about France," said Heine, "is that everything happens there a hundred years earlier than elsewhere." The declining natality of Western civilization illustrates this commendation. The birth rate began to go down in France about 200 years ago, in the U.S.A. about 140 years ago, in Britain and Sweden about 70 years ago, and later in other western countries.

At first, the decline was welcomed as a relief from what Cotter Morison called "the devastating torrent of children." But as it appeared in many countries and made rapid progress, it gave rise to apprehension, and in some countries became the subject of elaborate governmental inquiries. In 1903 the New South Wales Government appointed a Royal Commission to consider the steep descent of the birth rate in that State; and the Commission, reporting in 1904, viewed it as "a grave disorder, sapping the vitals of a new people, . . . and threatening its continuance." In 1935 the Government of Sweden, a country that has fought no war since 1815 and has long had a high reputation for its social services, appointed a Royal Commission to study the decline in the Swedish birth rate, which had then become the lowest in Europe. The Commission recommended the adoption of drastic measures to check the decline of the birth rate and establish a stationary population.

The British Royal Commission was appointed in March 1944. At the outset they met with serious difficulty from the lack of statistical data necessary for the discharge of their terms of reference. British vital statistics, admirable for the analysis of mortality, were long inadequate to elucidate questions of fertility. Since 1938 much additional material has been made available by the Population (Statistics) Act of that year, which was opposed in the House of Commons as unnecessary and interfering by Sir Alan Herbert in a lively speech witty both in prose and verse, but for previous years the deficiencies remain, and even the Act of 1938 is not, according to the Commission, "fully adequate to the need." They found it necessary to institute elaborate and costly special surveys. The result of their five years' intensive study is a masterly document—informative, lucid, and eminently readable.

The Commission find that although the proportion of people in

Great Britain who marry before they are too old to have children has been fairly stable during the last 100 years, " the number of children born per married couple over the whole of their lives together has not been more in modern times than about 40 per cent. of the number born on the average to married couples of the Victorian age." They also find that this 60 per cent. reduction in natality cannot be attributed to any loss of reproductive capacity. No evidence of such a factor has been brought before them ; they think it just as likely that reproductive capacity may have increased with the great increase in personal health that has been achieved in the last 70 years. They attribute the drop in natality to voluntary family limitation, which is now practised with varying efficiency by most married couples.

Why small families should now be so much desired is a question the Commission discuss at some length, and find that an important factor is the widespread realization that members of large families are under serious economic disadvantages compared with those of small families. Another important cause is what Arsène Dumont called " social capillarity ", the tendency to strive for social and economic advancement. " *Pour monter vite et haut*," wrote Dumont, " *il ne faut pas s'embarrasser de bagages.*" The Commission are convinced that " the small family system has to be regarded as a fundamental adjustment to modern conditions " and " accepted as the starting point for consideration of the probable future trend of population."

One result of the decline in natality is the aging of our population. This change, however, is due to the decline not only of natality but of mortality. Since the eighteen-seventies, the average expectation of life at birth has risen from about 43 to nearly 65 years. Far more people now reach the age when it is customary, even compulsory, to retire and become a pensioner. The Government Actuary estimates that the cost of old age pensions, which in 1948 was £238 millions, will rise to £501 millions in 1978 ; and the Commission point out that since the numbers of working people and the contribution revenue derived from them are not expected to increase between 1948 and 1978, the additional cost will fall upon the national exchequer. For old age pensions the taxpayers of 1978 will have to raise a sum equivalent to 4s. in the pound on the present yield of income tax. This prospective fiscal burden, which, the Commission remark, " would startle the public if it were generally appreciated," is, however, probably an understatement of the actual cost of the pensions 30 years hence. The Government Actuary's estimate assumes no decrease in mortality, but the Commission think it probable there will be an appreciable decrease. There are distinguished authorities who believe we may reasonably hope to extend the mean expectation of life at birth to 72 years. That of course would much increase the

number of persons entitled to old age pensions. Moreover, the estimate assumes that there will be no change in current pensions rates. On this point the Commission sound a note of warning :

> As the proportion of the electorate on pension is going to rise steadily, the strength of the pensioners as a political pressure group, already very considerable, may be expected to grow. Considerable political courage may therefore be needed to resist pressure for higher rates of benefit. It is most important that Ministers, Members of Parliament, and public opinion at large should appreciate the implications of proposals to raise pension rates not only for the present but also for the future.

The Commission naturally gave much thought to the question of population replacement. During the nineteen-thirties our vital statistics showed that though the population of Britain was still increasing, the number of births had for some years been below the level required for the permanent maintenance of a stationary population. In attempting to measure the deficiency, the Commission take as their yardstick the average size of the family, which they define as " the average number of live births to a marriage of ' completed fertility ', that is, one in which the wife has passed the limit of the child-bearing period." In computing the average, childless marriages are of course included. The Commission find that the average size of the family has fallen steadily from 5.5. in the mid-Victorian period to 2.2 among the couples married in the years 1925-1929, a decline of 60 per cent. From the family census the Commission took in 1946, they find that 17 per cent. of the marriages of 1925 were childless, 25 per cent. had one child, 25 per cent. two children and 14 per cent. three children. Only 12 per cent. of these completed marriages had five or more children per family.

An average of 2.2 children per family is insufficient to maintain a stationary population. To assess the deficiency, however, it is necessary, the Commission say, " to make elaborate calculations resting on assumptions about future mortality and marriage rates which are inherently arbitrary and open to dispute." The Commission think it would be reasonable to take marriage rates mid-way between the actual rates for men and women respectively in the years 1942-1947. On that basis, and on the further assumption that the mortality rates of 1942-1944 are maintained, an average family size of 2.2 is about ten per cent. below replacement level. They think, however, it would be more realistic to assume that for the next 30 years mortality will continue to fall as rapidly as in the past generation, and on that assumption the deficiency works out at about six per cent. These computations take no account of migration.

Assuming the deficiency of six per cent. to continue, and disregarding migration, the Commission estimate that the population of Great Britain will increase from 48.4 millions in 1947 to 50.7 millions in 1977, and then decrease to 48.9 millions in 2007 and to 45.5 millions

in 2047.

Should anything be done about it ? The Commission have no hesitation in concluding that " a replacement size of family is desirable in Great Britain at the present time " and they recommend the adoption of various measures to that end. These include extended income tax allowances for dependent children, increased rates of family allowances and exemption of the allowances from income tax, important extensions of maternity and child welfare services, and drastic improvements in housing. No estimate is given of the total cost of these measures, nor is any recommendation made as to how the cost should be met ; these questions were doubtless regarded as outside the terms of reference. Clearly, however, large sums would have to be raised to finance these attempts to bring up family size to replacement level ; and tax payers reading the report may note that, according to the Commission's computations, if family size remains unaltered, Great Britain 60 years hence will be not less populous than at present. Some may conclude that the task, and expense, of raising family size to replacement level may safely be passed on to a later generation.

This would be a grave mistake. The Commission say that if the forces they describe as tending to reduce family size meet with no opposing influences " a steady and substantial fall in average family size might well take place " and this they regard as dangerous. This note of apprehension, which is the more remarkable since the general tone of the report is reassuring and optimistic, is in harmony with the variations in family size between non-manual and manual workers, whose families form one-third and two-thirds respectively of the total families. During the present century, the average family size has declined from 2.79 to 1.73 among the non-manual and from 3.94 to 2.49 among the manual workers. The latter, who are twice as numerous as the former, have a relatively large family size ; but since under the influence of social capillarity the lower social classes tend to follow the fashions set by the upper, it would be unsafe to assume that the family size of the manual workers will remain at its present relatively high level. Future population increase, or decrease, must largely depend on what the manual workers think and do about family size. So far, there is no lack of evidence of their increasing preference for small families.

There is scope for further extensive reductions in family size. Many married couples do not practise contraception ; many practise it inefficiently ; there is no contraceptive upon the market that is both effectual and non-repellent. The Commission are advised by their Biological and Medical Committee that no such contraceptive " is at present in sight." But it should not be assumed that modern science, which the Commission justly regard as capable of bringing

about further substantial reductions in mortality, is incapable of helping mankind to achieve further substantial reductions in natality. Very little reflection on what is implied by the term " contraceptive technique " is required to appreciate how warmly the appearance upon the market of a trustworthy non-repellent contraceptive would be welcomed, and how rich would be the reward of its inventor.

Among the influences making for low family size, the Commission give an important place to unemployment. For ten years unemployment in this country has been very low, almost non-existent. We have become an impoverished, but not an unemployed nation. But, say the Commission, " full employment may be difficult to maintain." That is all they say about it. No attempt is made to discuss what may happen to family size if, as seems possible, full employment is not maintained.

In the Commission's preliminary estimates of future population growth no allowance, as we have seen, is made for migration. For many years British emigration was on a large scale. During the 60 years 1871-1931 the net emigration amounted to 3,380,000. In the decade from 1931 there was a net immigration of 650,000. Since 1945 both emigration and immigration have been considerable, but the future development of migration depends upon so many uncertain factors that it is specially unpredictable. The Commission show, however, that a permanent net annual emigration of 50,000 persons would have an important effect upon their forecast of how our population would grow if the present family size were maintained. With emigration at that rate, which they regard as high, the 48.4 millions population of 1947 would rise to 48.8 millions in 1977, and then fall to 44.8 millions in 2007 and to 38.7 millions in 2047. With a maintained net emigration of 100,000, which the Commission consider the maximum assumption that can reasonably be made, the corresponding figures would be, in millions, 48.4, 46.9, 40.8 and 32.0.

The question of migration is of special importance to Britain, the centre of a great commonwealth of nations. It was by a large flow of emigrants from this country that Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa were developed. All four Dominions need more population, and the Governments of Australia, Canada and New Zealand, with the co-operation of the British Government, are making strenuous efforts to attract British immigrants on the largest possible scale. The movement has so far been checked by lack of shipping, but that difficulty is being overcome, and we seem to be on the eve of a redistribution of the white population of the Commonwealth on a scale far exceeding anything hitherto experienced. This question of redistribution, which the Commission consider outside their terms of reference, should, they urge, " be studied jointly by the Governments of Great Britain and the other countries."

The report gives an impressive statement of the importance the Commission attach to economic considerations, but there are students of population who view the declining natality of Western civilization as a question primarily not of economics but of spiritual values. This aspect of the problems the Commission were appointed to consider is not overlooked in their report. They tell us (page 136) :

> There is much to be said for the view that a failure of a society to reproduce itself indicates something wrong in its attitude to life which is likely to involve other forms of decadence. The cult of childlessness and the vogue of the one-child family were symptoms of something profoundly unsatisfactory in the *Zeitgeist* of the inter-war period, which it may not be fanciful to connect with the sophistications and complacencies which contributed to the catastrophe of the second world war.

The further development of that theme would have enhanced the influence and value of this remarkable report.

SONNET

By Denise Folliot

My spring has flowered rarely to defy
The shadowed seasons and unmask the leaf
Spiralled in recollection and the brief,
Infrequent aloe, thrusting at the sky.
The hammer falls with no recurrent stroke
To shape the metal and enrage the spark.
It ceases and the stubborn fires are dark,
The echoes silent that its blows awoke.
Writing " I love you " the impatient lead
Traces the antique pattern, till it breaks
And faces vanish, for whose present sakes
The pencil faltered when those words were read.
The pilot sleeps at his unplotted chart—
Time's triple crown is tarnished in my heart.

THE TALE

By James Hanley

EACH morning as he went to school the boy Terence used to pass by the white house on the hill. Always he stopped in front of it, leaned against the low stone wall of the lane and looked up the long garden. Sometimes the sun was shining, sometimes it was raining, sometimes it looked bleak and deserted. And beyond it the tall white house where the old ladies lived, and never a sound came from that house. Then in the afternoon on his way home he would again stop, and this time the scene was different, for now it was bright summer. The deep blue waters round the island glistened in the hot sun, their surface had a kind of silken sheen, and above them wheeled and turned, swooped and soared in all the abandonment of delicious and delirious movement, the great gulls, the black and white, the cormorants, and once or twice he had seen a great hawk fly over. As he leaned against this wall and looked up the garden he would see the fantastic shadows of these flying birds, and it was their fleeting, darting, criss-crossing shadows that drew his interest far more than their physical selves. Sometimes one would wheel right over the house and he would look up and there was the gull, proud in its mastery of air, ecstatic in its rhythmical movement, flying so low that it seemed almost to touch the heads of the trinity who sat there so quietly and peacefully in the garden. Yes, he would see them very clearly now. The old, old man in the middle, reclining in his chair, and on either side a white mouse, curled up in chairs, and he knew then for certain that the beautiful summer had at last come to stay, for when the sun was most kind, the air most mild, and the atmosphere had that drowsiness that synchronized with the drowsy attitude of the three old people, then the two white mice peeped out of their windows and said to themselves : " Summer has come. We will go out and sit in the sun." He always called them the two white mice from the White House at Barrymore. But the old man reminded him of an old sleepy lion. Terence would look at the old man, fasten his eyes upon him, become oblivious of the old lady on either side of him, oblivious of the seemingly restless movement of their fingers as they worked in silks and cottons and bright threads, and he knew that they were spinning and weaving and patterning the lovely altar cloths for the

high altar at Saint Michael's. No. He was not interested in them.

One afternoon looking up the long garden he saw that though the old man was there, apparently fast asleep in his chair, the two white mice were not, nor were their chairs lying there. The boy wondered at this. A lovely sunny day, then why were they not there as usual ? All the way home he wondered at this. It was when he asked his mother about the old ladies that he learned their name, and the name too of that sleepy old lion. And his mother had said : " Isn't that a beautiful name, Terence ? " And he had said : " Yes, mother. It's a lovely name," and he repeated it to himself, " Francis Aloysius Mangan." So that was the name, Mangan. He remembered having heard that name before, and it had been coupled to a sad tale. So he again questioned his mother, who replied that it was not the same Mangan of course, though there might be some distant connection, she did not know, and in any case it mattered little, for the other Mangan was history and belonged to the past. Terence went on talking. How quiet they were. He told her his nickname for the old sisters and she laughed. " So every day," she said, " on your way home from school, you stop to look into that garden. But suppose that they do not like little boys staring at them ? " " I mean no harm, mother," Terence said. " It's just that I like looking at them. They look so nice sitting there, all in a row, the two white mice stitching, and the old man sleeping, or perhaps dreaming. I wonder how old Mr. Mangan is, mother ? " he asked. " *Very* old, little boy. When he was young he sailed ships all round the world, sailed with Nelson and Collingwood, knew Cochrane, so I've heard." " Oh ! " thought Terence, " then what dreams he must have. What dreams he must have."

" You must promise me not to stand staring at them, Terence, it is very rude." " Yes, mother," he had said, and there was not a single thought in his head but one, and that had once been small, but now was huge, it filled his mind. " How he must dream then," he kept telling himself. He thought of his daily walk to school, the little lane with its long stone wall on one side and a high hedge on the other, of the stone-flagged school-yard beyond it, and to-day all was changed, the lane was for him the road to adventure, he never thought of his lessons for that day, nor did he run with his usual last spurt into the school-yard. Something had come in between, and Terence knew that it was this sleepy old lion. Each day he had seen him, seen them, and they were just old people. Now it was different. So to-morrow he would stop again, and this time he would look for a long time, fasten his eyes on the old man's face, try to draw his attention if that were possible, or perhaps one of the twinkling little eyes of the white mice who sat so quietly beside him.

To-day he came home by the same road, walked slowly and

thoughtfully, his satchel of books upon his back, and as soon as he put his foot in the lane he changed, just as his mother had said : " He's changed entirely." Yes, from a quiet studious little boy of ten, he had become wild and adventurous, but she did not know that every afternoon when the weather was fine Terence climbed the little stone wall and leaving his satchel hanging on the branch of a tree walked slowly up the garden to meet the old man's smile. Shyness was gone, but curiosity had grown, and he remembered each time he put foot over the wall, he remembered its beginnings, how the day after his mother had told him of Mr. Mangan he had decided to investigate for himself. And luckily for him the very afternoon he set out to satisfy his curiosity he was to find Mr. Francis Aloysius Mangan sitting all alone in the big garden.

That first afternoon had been a real adventure. Mr. Mangan was asleep. He had stood in front of him, to look into his face, watch his quivering mouth, stare hard at his hands, and somehow the picture was even more fascinating than when he had watched from that stone wall. The old man reclined lazily in his chair, and the boy looked at his bald head, sheltered from the rays of the sun by a red neckerchief which draped down the back of his thin neck. His face was clean-shaven, round, and weather-beaten, browned by suns, scarred by life. His mouth and chin were strong, just as any old lion's mouth might be, and more fascinating still he wore golden ear-rings. On first seeing these, glistening as they caught now and then the light of the sun, Terence had laughed, but it froze quickly when the old man stirred in the chair. How frightened he might be to wake up and find an inquisitive boy looking him up and down. How strong and brown his hands were, and this seemed very strange to Terence, for Mr. Mangan was very old, turned eighty-seven. For some minutes he had stood there looking closely at the old man, then hearing a voice he had turned to run, and suddenly stopped, for one of the old ladies had come out of the porch carrying her work-basket, and she was soon followed by the other. He just stood staring at them, a little afraid, curious still. He had meant to run off anyhow, clamber over that wall, and run home. But suddenly the two old sisters were talking to him, and as he looked at them they seemed not old, but extremely young, and he thought he had been quite wrong in christening them the " two white mice ", for now their little faces, brown as nuts, seemed to him much like the faces of cherubs he had seen on greeting cards at Christmas-time. He felt awkward, more nervous than ever. What on earth would they say to him, finding him in their big garden, trespassing in fact, when he should have been nearly home to the tea his mother always promptly made at a quarter past four ?

So they questioned him. And when he answered they smiled at

him, knowing smiles, understanding smiles, and each sat in her chair, having first laid the work-basket between them. They picked up their work, and soon their aged fingers were showing a nimbleness which quite surprised the boy. So that was how it was, the first was saying to her brother, who at this precise moment chose to open his eyes, drag himself rather painfully to a sitting position, and look steadily at the boy. How penetrating his glance, Terence had said to himself, how hard he looks at me. But maybe it was because he had not seen a little boy for ever so long. The old ladies went on talking and to the boy their voices were like the faint hummings of bees, soft and low. Meanwhile the old man stared at him. Terence became more shy than ever. Suddenly the old ladies rose from their chairs, went into the house. " Now why have they done that ? " thought the boy, but he had not seen the white-capped housekeeper beckoning to them from the porch. The old man now smiled at the boy. So the miracle happened, the smile had broken down the barrier of shyness. That afternoon he arrived home very late. Now he told his mother that not only was the man's name beautiful, but *he*, the old man, was also as lovely as his name. Yes, he had even spoken to the old man. The mother scolded him for his rudeness, but he exclaimed passionately " But they called me, mother. And Mr. Mangan began to tell me a story, and he says if I come to-morrow he will continue the tale and ——"

He lay in bed and he thought of the tale, and it was different from any tale he had ever heard, and certainly nothing like the tale of the other Mangan he had heard at school.

He sat now listening to Francis Aloysius Mangan continue his tale. He sat very still, head tilted upward, body and mind held in the sweeping curve of expectancy, lips parted, ears attuned to the old man's low bass, and the tale was of ships in the olden time, and life was full of gay colours. And those " two old cherubs " had not even peeped out from the porch door. Now and again Mr. Mangan paused to get his breath, and once the boy rearranged the kerchief over his head, and placed the footstool a little farther away so that he might stretch his full length.

" Ah ! " Mr. Mangan said, " that was the time, boy ; that *was* the time. Well, to continue from yesterday, let me see, my old mind is all tied up in knots to-day and you'll have to be very patient with me in case I wander off from the point, but no matter, we've our compass set and a point or two won't throw us off our course altogether," and he smiled, and once more Terence saw his toothless mouth. " Well, as I was saying, me boy, the breeze was sufficiently strong on that day for us to be able to move out and reconnoitre. And that day too Bony's fleet had their top-gallant yards up and sails bent. Well, what did that mean ? It meant that things were going to happen,

that they would sail at any hour. Everything was ready, d'you see, and we left a little something for chance too, for in a sea-fight it's a great thing to remember how important a thing chance can be. A poor sailor who doesn't. Well, now at any moment something terrific was going to happen. We were in two lines of sixteen ships each, d'you see, and ahead of us were another eight of our fastest ships, and they were to draw old Bony's men, d'you follow me ?" But Terence did not reply, just sat very quiet, cooped up in his chair, hands clasping his knees. " If we were to see them to windward in line of battle, then we would so extend our lines that their van would not be able to succour the rear. Mistakes can be made, but not this one. If when the grand fight began it became impossible by reason of smoke to see the signal from the flagship of the line, then we would be doing no harm by bearing down individually on the nearest Frenchie and getting alongside of him. That was a tactic, me boy. Some of the line, the ships in the middle, we bore down within actual gunshot of Bony's centre, d'you follow me. Now the lee line were to bear up, set all sails, even steering sails, in order to get as quickly as possible to the Frenchies' line. It was timed nicely, for, d'you see, when this line cut through the enemy's ships they would begin by striking the twelfth Frenchie from the rear, and I ——"

The old man suddenly stopped. He had gone red in the face, his breath came short, but the boy did not notice this, for his head might well have been in the clouds, his feet planted firmly upon the wooden deck of a ship. After a few minutes the old man went on : " Now if those Frenchies were to wear together, bear up and sail large maybe, still the twelve ships composing his rear are to be the object of attack. Ah ! what a day, what a day. And I was standing on that quarter-deck, my boy, and it so white you could eat your dinner off it indeed, and away we went and cut into those damned Frenchies, annihilated their rear, stung and drove them, cut them in two, fired and blasted our way along. Oh, that was the grand day. Now tell me, for I haven't had the manners or decency to ask you what your name might be and so ——"

" Terence Mahon," replied the boy, but now he could not wait, he was more impatient than ever. What was going to happen next ? They had sailed bang into those Frenchies, and Francis Aloysius Mangan was standing on the quarter-deck and —— pictures floated across the boy's mind, large sails, shattered masts, smoke, the roar and rattle, and he asked suddenly : " But, sir, the deck would not be so white after that dreadful battle, would it ?" and Mr. Mangan gave a cute little laugh. " Ah ! " he said, " but it was, for I'm a man has the luck with me, and, d'you know, all we got from those damned Frenchies were two shots across the bow ? But what about them ? Well, well ! Those brightly painted men-of-war

that had sailed so proudly into action that morning were now hulks, blackened, burned, smashed. Ay, boy, and every ship's deck slippery with blood. Then when evening drew on we slipped clear, like a dog after a fight when it goes to lick its wounds. And the wind strengthened to a gale, the waters roared and tossed like angry lions, me boy. Only fourteen fathoms beneath us. Well, I was wrong entirely about those two shots across our bow, we had them all right, but much more beside, but I reckon what with the heat and the confusion . . . Anyhow, we found our starboard cathead had been shot clean away, bow and spare anchors were broken and useless, and the stock of our sheet anchor ruined by shot. But we were lucky, oh we were lucky dogs that day, me boy, for I mind that of all those ships we broke there wasn't a single stick left for them on which even a yard of good canvas might be stitched."

Again he paused, looked up towards the sky, mouth half-open, but Terence sat still, waiting, waiting for the rest of the tale to be told. He was impatient, the narrative had stirred greed in him he was hungry for more and yet more. The old man's tiredness did not occur to him, he just sat and waited. How long the silence. Surely Mr. Mangan had not fallen asleep again, but perhaps—perhaps, and he turned his head sharply and looked the old man full in the face, and he was still, as though suddenly carved in stone, as though by that narration he had finally emptied himself. No word was spoken, the soft brown eyes rested upon Terence's face, but they had no meaning, the expression upon that weather-beaten face was wooden and empty. How different the boy ! The high song of youth was singing in his blood, and traced upon that face was wonder, but the old man, who had sung his high song long, long ago, saw nothing there, a raised face, a child's face, flesh, but it meant nothing to him. It was as though something had suddenly died in him, the word become frozen upon the trembling tongue.

Terence wondered what time it was. The sun had turned away suddenly, the fleeting shadows were no more, something cold seemed to have come into the atmosphere, patterned itself upon that long and lovely garden. He sat up in the cane chair which one of the old ladies had had brought out for him. Suddenly the old man was speaking again. " Ah ! he was saying, " God be with the days, yes, they were the days ! Long, long ago." To-day, well, things were different, the eagle-eye was dimmed, the great voice of bronze was wizened down to a squeak, the strong, browned hands were weak and trembling, the shoulders narrowed and bent. The eyes saw no longer the great distances, nor did the heart beat loud and wild with the sheer ecstasy of living. Time had carried out his journey-work. He sat all day in his garden, between his good sisters whom he called wise because they had never married ; the buffeting world had not

known them, they had always remained tied to their mother's house, and when at last after long years of work he, Francis, had come home, there they were, old like himself, white-haired, but nevertheless the same, like welcome beacons beckoning him to his home. He lay in the garden every day, excepting when the rain warned him of his great age, and he lay peaceful there, seeing nothing, hearing nothing save the distant murmur of the blue waters, knowing only that the sun shone when its bright rays spreading fanwise covered his house, feeling its warmth upon his face. As for that boy, he had never seen him leaning on that low wall, each afternoon, like some recurrent question-mark stood against the wall. No, he had seen nothing, his eyes had lost their power.

At last after that long pause the light of recognition seemed to come into his face again, and now he leaned his head forward a little, even stretched out a hand, and took that small soft one in his own. His eyes met the eyes of the boy, they held each other with their glance, and he said slowly : " Ah ! my ship was white, white as milk, clean from stem to stern, I was proud of my ship. And all her sails, top-gallant yards, reefers, steerers, ay, the whole lot were like the deck of my ship. Pure white. We rode the waters like a proud queen, all was pure aboard, all was confidence and courage and strong faith. But perhaps to-morrow, yes, perhaps to-morrow I'll tell you how we put on full sail, pushed through that scattered wreck of a fleet and stood full in the eye of Cadiz, proud, arrogant, fearing none but Almighty God. Other ships might be white, but none so white as my *Corsair*, and—"

He stopped again. He put the other hand to his ear as though he were listening to some sound, some sound risen quickly upon the calm, as though it had come from out the depths of those blue waters, and the boy said quickly : " Sir, did you hear a sound then ? I thought I heard ——" He stopped suddenly when the hand that held his own dropped heavily to the old man's knee. " Yes," the old man said, " I heard the bosun-pipe, 'Splice the main brace ', and I saw many faces and smelt strong rum—I—I——"

Suddenly the two old ladies were standing in the porch, shading their eyes from the sun which had come out again, and the spirit in the boy was quickened again when he heard the well-known cry of the wheeling gulls, and saw their fantastic shadows deluging the long reach of green grass with movement. Slowly the two sisters came down the path, stopped some ten feet away and looked at their brother. And the boy heard one say to the other : " It is time Francis came in and had his milk. It has been a long day. Bridget has got the bed ready." The tall and thin sister said with an effort : " It is time, Francis," and her voice was sounding in the boy's ear like that of distant pipes.

A CHILDHOOD IN VICTORIAN DUBLIN

By Owen Tweedy

ON May 6, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered in Phoenix Park in Dublin. My father was on the staff of Dr. Stevens' Hospital and assisted at the post-mortem ; and that evening he prepared his notes and diagrams for the evidence which, under police protection, he gave before the coroner. I have them still. Two months later he proposed to my mother and was accepted, and in August they were married and went off on their *Hochzeitsreise* up the Rhine. During their travels they heard *Lohengrin*, then a much debated innovation. They fell in love with the opera and made up their minds that their first daughter who was to be christened Elizabeth after my father's mother, should be called Elsa for short. And while they were about it they looked even further ahead. For the table mats which my brother and I later used in the nursery were bought during the honeymoon. Mine bore the motto *Hunger ist der beste Koch*, presumably to encourage me to eat up my stirabout which is what we Irish call porridge. I loathed stirabout.

On their return to Dublin, my parents settled down on the " north side " which had been the elegant quarter of the City during the great days of the eighteenth century. There, in Gardiner's Row, my eldest sister—Elsa she was—was duly born, followed by my brother, Maurice—so-called after Frederick Denison Maurice. He was born on Queen Victoria's birthday and I arrived a year and a half afterwards on the day of the formal opening in London of the Special Commission of Investigation into the publication by *The Times* of the Parnell Letters which were subsequently declared to have been forged by the disreputable Pigott. My date was also the birthday of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria of Germany and—what was odder—my next sister made her appearance on Queen Alexandra's birthday.

When I was two, the family moved across the Liffey to the south side which was then rapidly eclipsing the north. We had a lovely house in Clare Street, just off Merrion Square. For in addition to its beautiful doors and ceilings and its Adam mantelpieces which meant little to us children, there was a bath which meant a lot. It was enormous and entirely cased in mahogany and the water instead of coming out of taps at one end, torrented out of two circular holes

in the middle of each side. So, once in the bath, one had to hunch up at the top end because if more water was needed, one ran the risk of the shock of a cascade of scalding or icy water on one's middle if one remained prone.

My two younger sisters were born in Clare Street, and by the time the second arrived, I was beginning to notice things. I remember being shown her on our return from a summer at my mother's home in Sligo ; and that winter something happened in the night nursery which I have never forgotten. The nursery was at the very top of the house and our mother was reading to us boys by the yellow light of the solitary gas jet which tried to light the whole room. Suddenly the light dimmed almost to nothing and there was a sort of muffled roar and then the two windows rattled like anything. That was our first taste of Irish troubles. For what we had heard was the Fenians trying to blow up Dublin Castle with dynamite. Those days of 1893 were very tense and years later my father told me that he had taken a divinity course in Trinity College so that, if Mr. Gladstone's third Home Rule Bill went through, we could all emigrate to the States where he proposed to take orders in the Episcopalian Church. But, young though we were, too much was going on all round us for us not to be affected—however innocently. My youngest sister remembers at the age of three repeating like a parrot with other children of the same age with whom she played in Merrion Square : " Up with Salisbury and down with Gladstone." And my brother and I were already used to shouting on any and every occasion a very provocative political ballad set to the tune of " Tramp, tramp, tramp ; the boys are marching." Our step-grandfather's English butler who was a staunch Orangeman, had taught us the words :

God save Ireland and the Union
God save England and the Queen.
As for Gladstone and Parnell
Why we wish they were in . . . well
God save Ireland and the Union.

When the weather was at all fine, the four of us from the nursery spent our days in Merrion Square. The " babies " were wheeled in prams by Mary Jane, the nurse, and Lizzie, the nursemaid, and they would stake out a claim on one of the seats and get out their sewing. And so did at least another thirty families like ours. So there was any amount of company for all. The nurses went by their employers' names. Mary Jane was Nurse Tweedy, and there was Nurse Pearsall and Nurse Ball and Nurse Macan and Nurse Baker and lots of others ; and while they gossiped the day away and the babies slept and had their bottles, my brother and I contracted

violent friendships and violent enmities and indulged in a fair amount of tears, a lot of sweat—for we always did everything on the run—and a good deal of toil especially in the filthy hollybushes where we played most of our games. But it was the Square that gave me my first reading lesson. On each gate—entrance was by key and to subscribers only—was a plaque with a notice on it and the notice—the first I ever spelled out—has been a maxim to me on many many occasions through a long and varied life : " Please shut the gate gently."

On the south side of the Square lived our maternal grandmother. Her second husband—our step-grandfather—had his dressing-room on the ground floor. It contained the bath—which we thought rather dowdy as our bath in Clare Street was on the third floor. But it suited him ; for he was very lame, having over twenty years before broken his leg badly by falling down the lift at the Shelbourne Hotel. I was always told that it was the first lift ever built in Ireland. We were very proud of him for he had been to Chicago to see the transit of Venus through a telescope and to the polar regions to see an eclipse of the sun. Outside his dressing-room window which opened into the garden, he had built a big sunny aviary so that he could see his birds when he was dressing. They were of all sorts—canaries, doves, budgerigars, linnets, java sparrows, redpolls, bullfinches and goldfinches and on the wall below the long and well-patronized nesting boxes he had put up an inscription in tiles, *Ubi aves, ibi angeli.* I don't know about the angels ; but at the end of the garden behind the stables where " Empress " and " Miladi ", the two carriage horses, lived, was the cow, and every afternoon, punctually at three o'clock, the butler who had taught us " God save Ireland and the Union ", used to take her along the back lane behind the stables for half an hour's daily airing. When we two boys had been good, we were allowed as a treat to accompany this bucolic promenade. Anne, the cook, milked the cow and made the butter for the house. When she became fifty, my step-grandfather organized for her what he called—we never knew why—a " Bath " wedding. There was a wedding cake made with sugar cupids crying sugar tears ; and on her birthday she presided over a full dress wedding breakfast in the kitchen with all her friends there as her guests ; and ever after that she was " Mrs. Crean " to all the younger domestics.

In those days small private clubs and societies were normal features of the society in which the family moved. My father belonged to the " Strollers " and at our musical evenings at home he used to sing " The Lost Chord ", " Alice where art thou ? " and " Oh, Promise me " with my mother accompanying him on the piano. Play-reading was also a very popular form of entertainment and I have an

old programme of a " Shakespearian Reading " of *As You Like It* on May 17, 1884, at the Molesworth Hall in Dublin. My father was the melancholy Jaques and my mother Celia. She also belonged to a ladies' literary society and I have copies of lectures given by her to her friends ; one on Arthur Clough, another on Holbein's Tudor portraits. My father was also a great traveller. As a medical student he had studied in Vienna and it was the disappointment of his life that just before he qualified, his mother over-persuaded him to refuse an invitation to join an Irish medical unit attached to the French Army during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. His later travels were in the nature of a " busman's holiday " as by arrangement with the Cunard Company he did one voyage nearly every summer as relief ship's doctor to America and back. He loved these trips and there, as everywhere else, he made masses of friends ; and I well remember his photograph of Mark Twain with whom he kept in touch for years.

His periodic returns from America were made the excuse for family photographs and we still have a whole series of them. In those days children's photographers gave their subjects toys to keep them quiet. One year my eldest sister got a tennis racket and my brother a toy yacht. But there was nothing for me ; and I made such a scene that for peace sake the yacht was taken away from him. But my troubles were far from ended. I had to stand behind my mother, resting my arm on the back of a peculiar piece of Victorian furniture on which she was posed with the baby of the moment ; and as in those days the exposure might be for anything up to five seconds, my head was forced into a semi-circular clamp on a stalk to keep me still. I did keep still as the photograph shows, but my face of baby-fury was also immortalized.

There used to be a lot of drunkenness in the Dublin of those days; and from the day nursery, overlooking Clare Street, we couldn't help seeing it. For most Saturday afternoons the flower girls who had their pitch at the corner of Lower Merrion Street, used to emerge from the public houses down Westland Row about tea-time. They were always very much the worse for wear, and they always started " creating ". We knew them all. " There's the red one ! No, it's the yellow one ! Look she's hit him ! Here's the police ! He's going to take her ! No she's kissed him. Here's another policeman. She's kissed him too. Now she's sitting down on the pavement. Now she's kicked him ! " And the final scene—small processions reeling away up Merrion Square on their way to the police cells in Lad's Lane off Baggot Street.

Those were nursery days—intimate, innocent, boisterous and sometimes cloudy. Mary Jane, our nurse, was always there in storm and

sunshine alike, and beyond but very close, though in a different way, our mother. And then a terrible thing happened. In 1896 our mother died and everything changed. One of the outward signs of change was an acceleration in the plans for my brother's and my education. In a year we were at a day school in Dublin and in 1898 we plunged into English public school life at Clifton College. But there was something more. Somehow—young though we were—we felt that we had become suddenly older. We had to think more for ourselves and, when we came back from school for the holidays, a good deal of the fun my brother and I got out of them had to be of our own making. On the whole we did very well. And in one respect very very well. For from 1896 onwards both of us got far bigger tips—from uncles in particular as though they, too, knew we were suddenly older ; and from only having 2d. a week pocket-money we suddenly became positively affluent. The first things we bought were bicycles which we learnt to ride in Merrion Square. And it was that same winter that our father brought us three elder ones to the pantomime at the Gaiety where we learnt to sing and whistle " A bicycle made for two " which was just then the rage.

He was a great theatre-goer and when Edward Terry whom he knew well, came over with his company for their annual season, he used to give a men's supper party for them. They used to act plays like *Sweet Lavender* and *The Elder Miss Blossom* ; and if they were over in our holidays, we went to the matinees. Most of them were really too subtle for our youth ; but I do remember one line in one play. The scene was an elderly philanderer pursuing a rich widow called Mrs. Gunn ; and when she showed signs of breaking away, he seized her by the hand and said: " Oh Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. Gunn. Pray, don't go off ! " This we thought the acme of wit. We also roared with laughter over *Charley's Aunt*—then a comparative chicken ; and, on a higher level, having had Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* read to us, we tackled the Benson company and loved George Weir's Touchstone. But *Pinafore* was miles above our heads. All we came away with was the melody and a few of the words of " I'm Called Little Buttercup ". Of course, we soon started acting ourselves. Our first efforts were Pope Gregory and the British slaves in Rome and—more ambitious—the Three Witches from *Macbeth*. The cast was the same for both—my two younger sisters and myself. In the Gregory play, I was the Pope in an old sheet and my sisters were the slaves in nightgowns. And I brought down the curtain with *Non Angli sed Angeli*. In the Three Witches we all wore towels and as we capered round the umbrella stand from the hall, we sang a rollicking doggerel which our father had taught us. These were the words :

There were three unmarried ladies
Who were elderly and weird,
Inhabiting a lonely spot
An uninviting spot.
And they mixed up babies' fingers
All compounded in a pot,
In a pot,
Boiling hot,
An unappetising lot
Of promiscuous ingredients
All compounded in a pot.

From these small beginnings, we embarked on set plays for our yearly Christmas parties. We produced two—*The Best Children in the World* in which I had a good part but of which I remember nothing; and *The Prince and the Witch* in which I doubled two rotten parts. As a page I only had one line : " Your servant, Sire. I've brought you cake and wine." As the witch I had a bit more of which I only remember " Ha ! Ha ! My little fish has caught the bait," which I asided with an intonation modelled on my father's very realistic imitation of Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells*.

Children's parties were the great features of the winter. Some were dances, some only games, some had conjurors ; but one year there was one which stood out above all others. It was given by my godmother, Mrs. Mahaffy, the wife of the formidable but very lovable Professor Mahaffy who was later Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. He had just returned from an archaeological expedition to Egypt and the feature of the party was when he took each of his little guests aside to a small table by a window and invited us to shake hands with Pharaoh. He had brought back a mummied hand from Luxor and there it was, brown, shrivelled, and very mysterious. It was a terrific sensation. One little boy said to me as we were having supper later : " Do you know, Moses shook hands with that man too."

My father was a member of the Council of the Dublin Zoo and every Saturday morning at the zoo itself they breakfasted as a body before holding their weekly meeting. Once every winter as a great treat he brought us two boys with him as his guests ; and one year—it may have been 1898—Lord Roberts who was commanding the troops in Ireland, was there. He was President of the Society but he didn't stay for the Council meeting ; and when breakfast was over, he asked us two boys if we would like to come round the houses with him. We saw the Himalayan bear eat an egg upside-down off his hind paws and the elephant salute and bow ; and in the lion house, the famous Flood who made the Dublin Zoo world-renowned as a lion-breeding centre, gave each of us a tiger's whisker—a sign of rare

distinction. But what I remember best was when the old Field Marshal told us about his horse " Volonel " on which he had ridden on the historic dash from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880.

But being English public schoolboys had one frightful drawback during our Dublin holidays. At Clifton we had to wear top-hats on Sundays ; and, on the principle that " a soldier must not be ashamed of his uniform," my father insisted that we must bring back the hated headgears and wear them when we went to church with him. And when Sundays came, no malingering—which we shamelessly tried—was of any avail. I suppose we did look comic. Anyhow Dublin thought we were a scream—especially the corner boys ; and all those weary miles across Dublin to the Phibsborough Road and Grange-gorman Church, we would be followed by jeering urchins shouting with the most awful Dublin brogues : " Aaah, look at the little priests ! "

That was a bad start for Sundays ; but things improved after church. For we always spent our afternoons with our cousins. First there was a huge schoolroom tea and then we settled down to a grand game called " Missionary Lotto". The governess pulled cards like railway tickets out of a bag, and each of her cards had a question on it which she read out. We each had larger cards with the answers on them and the first of us who found the answer on his card and shouted it out, got the governess's railway ticket. And as all the questions were about the mission field, we could enjoy ourselves and make as much noise as we liked without feeling that we were doing anything wrong on Sunday.

In 1900 Irish politics were tense ; for an Irish Brigade was fighting on the side of the Boers in South Africa. So in the spring the old Queen came over on a visit. But we were not there to see her triumphant entry into Dublin. In the winter before, our father's eyes went wrong and he was never again able to practice in Dublin. So Clare Street was sold ; and in the September of 1901 we came to live in England for good. Queen Victoria had died in the January of the same year ; Victorian Dublin had passed into history and we children had left our childhood behind us there.

GOETHE'S NIGHTFALL SONG

By A. V. Stuart

" Peace on the mountains
On each far crest,
In the tall tree-tops
Scarcely a breath ;
Birds in the woods have hushed their evening tune.
Only wait, for soon
Thou too wilt rest."

Thus the young Goethe scrawled
One rich September evening, on the walls
Of a mountain hut on Gickelhahn ; beneath
Lay the woods of Ilmenau, stirred by no breath,
Warm in the westering radiance ; and each height
Rose in the distance, calm in the golden light.

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch ;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

And this the aged Goethe read
Fifty years later, on the hut's wall still
Dimly decipherable,
Climbing from Weimar thither, awhile to flee
Too much festivity
Marking his eighty-second birthday ; read
And shook his august head,
Bowed by the loss of dear one, and of friend,
And near to his own end.
Then the last lines to himself he softly said,
As if their cadence blessed,
And the familiar words new-sung to a heavenly tune :
" *Warte nur, balde*
Only wait, for soon
Ruhest du auch
thou too shalt be at rest."

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

LISTENING TO THE PLAY

By John Arlott

TO say that Mr. Felton's book* or, indeed, any book is "about radio" is to label it extremely vaguely. "Books about radio" have been of four types. The first is the purely technical, dealing with the various aspects of set-construction and equipment. Then, most common on literary levels, there is the book of radio plays by the established radio-playwright, usually prefaced by an indication of the writer's aim couched in terms borrowed from other arts. The "book about the BBC" centres round an outstanding broadcaster or some radio *cause celèbre*. Finally, common in America but virtually unknown here, there is the text-book for the student training for a lucrative post in one of the many commercial stations of the United States. Thus, Waldo Abbot, Associate Professor of Speech and Director of Broadcasting in the University of Michigan, describes the second edition of his *Handbook of Broadcasting* as "built to conform to the specifications set forth by the teachers of broadcasting in the 57 universities and colleges which use (its) first edition."

Mr. Felton's *The Radio Play* is the first book about broadcasting which is, of itself, satisfying. Much of the imaginative quality of the book results from its being an account of an enthusiastically lived part of a man's life but Mr. Felton lights page after page with the appropriate image—on radio narration: "The sense is presented to you in small groups of words, rather as if the thin beam of a torch were travelling over a dark page." His sensitivity to sound, the extra sense of the true radio producer is apparent at almost every turn—even in a negative: "A sudden unmusical fade-out is conspicuous, and gives a feeling of emptiness and bareness." He is concerned with the mechanics of radio precisely to the extent of showing the powers and limitations of the producer's control-desk. Where he quotes he does so interestingly but solely to illuminate his points and he employs the language of aesthetics with unusual precision—to relate the producer's conception of his material to the impact of his presentation upon the listener.

Mr. Felton is one of the few men equipped to write such a book as this since he, unusually, throughout a number of years in the B.B.C. was always engaged on creative broadcasting—and with considerable success over a range as wide as that between Edgar Wallace and Shakespeare. His expert knowledge never leads him into the common faults of the expert—assumption of elementary knowledge in the reader and hair-splitting refinements of interest only to the equally expert. He sees the radio producer as "just what the actor needs, a listener with the right of reply." It is the measure of Mr. Felton's book and of his capacity as a producer that he is not concerned with what the producer feels or thinks but always with what is happening within the imagination and understanding of the listener.

Unlike some radio critics, he is not concerned to admit self-consciously that radio falls short of the stage, but rather to point the fact that radio drama is in itself an art form with, possibly, more in common with the old silent film than with the stage. He is at pains, too, to show the advantages of

**The Radio Play*, by Felix Felton. Sylvan Press. 10s. 6d.

radio. Thus, the stage actor, however intimate the scene he is playing, "must project his voice so that it reaches the back of the gallery—the stage actor has always had to use the technique of the megaphone ; in radio he can use the technique of the microphone." Here is the great essential difference between radio and stage ; theatre reaction is mob-reaction, powerful but, because it is a mass-reaction, simple, usually crude, often based on hysteria. The radio actor, however, although he is playing to millions of listeners is playing to them in the intimate audience-unit of the fireside group. Just as science has revolutionized the art of architecture—so the discovery of radio-transmission has abolished the proscenium arch, and has brought to acting a new range of expression.

Again, there are, inevitably, in the theatre, reminders to the audience that they are watching make-believe. Thus, a theatre scene of a garden may seem real to one used to the gardens of country houses but artificial to the man used to the skimpy patch behind a city house. Let your radio actor *plant* his action in a garden, however, and the scene is played for each listener in that listener's own conception of a garden. Thus words, through association of ideas, provide a setting satisfying to *all*, as the stage designer, forced to commit himself to detail, cannot hope to do. "The ear, unlike the eye, cannot assimilate a complex combination of impressions. All the listener needs is a few pointers from which he can make his own decor."

Mr. Felton fixes his points impressively by examples intrinsically interesting. Having shown the technical resources available, he traces the dramatic idea into original script, or from stage-play, novel or short-story to radio-adaptation, and then shows the inter-relation of voice, music ("in an ideal world every radio-producer would be a trained musician"), effects (when in doubt, cut) and narrator, in terms of the resultant effect. There is a sudden flash of understanding, a translation back from emotions felt on hearing it, in his story of a radio thriller in which a ghostly villain materialized at the heroine's elbow. On the stage the effect was achieved by the gradual bringing up of a green spotlight trained on the ghoul. The radio parallel, suggested, Mr. Felton tells us, by John Cheatle, was to strike a gong by a faded-out microphone and then to fade up the microphone on the echo of the gong-stroke which "seemed to float in from nowhere."

The two sides of the microphone, of listener and broadcaster, run so truly in parallel that this study is valid on all levels of radio consciousness. Thus, any radio producer can profit from it while the least technically-conscious listener will react to the author's enthusiasm and find his subsequent listening the richer for having read it.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR : Vol. II : Their Finest Hour, by Winston S. Churchill. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

The first volume of Mr. Churchill's great Iliad was dominated by a sense of darkening tragedy. The keynote of the second is a serene certainty of the outcome. Through all the horror of the fall of France, and Dunkirk, through the fearful anxieties of invasion impending, of our mounting losses in the Battle of Britain, of dollar-bankruptcy looming, of the clutch of the U-boats at our Atlantic life-line tightening, Mr. Churchill succeeds in conveying this undertone to the reader.

But this sense of confidence in the issue is not a literary effect constructed in the light of subsequent events ; it is the reflection of Mr. Churchill's innermost conviction at the time, as is amply proved by the abundant contemporary documents which he cites. That is the unique feature of this book. It is the personal narrative of the prime actor in the drama, not merely drawing upon his vivid recollection of events, but buttressing it at every point with innumerable minutes, directives, letters,

speeches and broadcasts, in which he recorded his thoughts and the motives guiding his action day by day during those eight heroic months. It is hard to find any parallel to such first hand history. Even Julius Caesar could only produce a retrospective account of his Gallic wars with much less personal quality or facility of pen.

Mr. Churchill has made a lifelong study of war, in theory and in practice. When as Minister of Defence he became in effect the commander-in-chief of the British armed forces—land, sea and air—he had accumulated over forty years an intimate knowledge of all of them. But even more important was his firm grasp of the unchanging principles, which have always governed the prosecution of successful war. From the first he estimated correctly the enormous difficulties of invasion. His conviction that any attempt must fail was not a matter of faith, but " a sober consciousness and calculation of practical facts." The German Supreme Command wasted weeks in recrimination between the army and the navy, and could not even formulate a firm plan until August 27. By that time Hitler had realized that he was committed to " not just a river crossing, but the crossing of a sea dominated by the enemy." By September 17 Goering had conspicuously failed to secure mastery of the air, the prerequisite for hazarding the sea-passage. " Sea-Lion " was indefinitely postponed. Mr. Churchill was not surprised, but evidently disappointed, for if only they would try, he saw the certainty of a crushing victory. Yet a month before that he and the Cabinet had decided to reject " the woolly theme of being safe everywhere," and to discard the defensive. In the teeth of the German menace a large convoy of tanks and guns was despatched to Egypt, with which General Wavell was able to mount his offensive and to rout Graziani who had four times his numbers. It was one of the great strokes of the war, involving the kind of risks by which victories have to be won. " It is odd," confesses Mr. Churchill, " that while at the time everyone concerned was quite calm and cheerful, writing about it afterwards makes one shiver."

The Cabinet were then brothers, drawn from all parties. Personal gain and greed sank low in the scale of values. The country was united from top to bottom. It was happier than it had been in living memory, much happier than it has since become. In Mr. Churchill's strong but sober prose the spirit of that time will live for future generations. For us who knew it its evocation is deeply stirring yet poignant. Our present dangers are hardly less, but there is no longer the vision, the leadership, the uplifting sense of national purpose, which can move mountains. In the welter of party strife, class hate and material self-seeking one asks oneself whether peace must necessarily be conducted on a more sordid level ?

HAROLD BUTLER

STALIN, by I. Deutscher. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s.*

This is a book of six hundred pages about Marshal Stalin and the Russian Revolution—a tremendous life set amidst the most stupendous events of human history dating from 1875 to 1946. The book reveals great diligence and the subject precludes it from being dull, but it is neither good history nor good biography. The objectivity which we should at least aim at in the writing of history is here a semblance, whilst the biographical part is a portrait painted with the colours provided by the political opponents of Stalin by a writer who is also a political opponent.

Marshal Stalin and the Bolsheviks are accused of falsifying history by rewriting it with the principal characters left out and according to a political thesis of their own. That of course is deplorable and stands condemned. But Mr. Deutscher does not make black white by writing history and biography according to another political thesis of opposite hue. Mr. Deutscher is an ex-communist ; so is your reviewer,

who also is a biographer of Stalin, and understands the difficulties both of collecting data about his subject and checking it when collected. No man starts life and goes through it with the aim of providing documents for his biographer ; hence they are always limited in number and vary in value, according to the kind of life the subject has lived. At the same time the value of documents written by others about a person varies greatly and depends upon the outlook, character, and history of the writers and the circumstances under which they are written. What for example can be the value of anything said by Trotsky about Stalin ? They were political opponents from their youth onwards. The 'intellectual' Trotsky was contemptuous of the proletarian Stalin from the moment of their first meeting. In making our own judgment how much shall we subtract on this score from Trotsky's valuation of his opponent or from Stalin's valuation of Trotsky ? Mr. Deutscher relies entirely on the estimate of others.

The book is written to a now familiar thesis : 'Stalin was born in a slum and grew up a tough, uncouth fellow who became a revolutionary practitioner with the mentality of a gangster. He had a lust for power and was unscrupulous in his methods of achieving it. He became a murderer of his wife and responsible for the murder of Trotsky. He became an over-riding bureaucrat who used the power of the State machine for the mass slaughter of his old colleagues and political opponents ; diverted the Russian Revolution from its true path of romantic liberalism and utopian socialism; built a mighty police State ; transformed Russia from a backward country into a modern industrial power ; it needs another revolution to purge it of Stalinism.' This was Trotsky's thesis for his unfinished biographical study ; Mr. Deutscher has simply tried to complete the story begun by Trotsky.

Here are a few examples of Mr. Deutscher's " detached " observations on Stalin : " cool, ruthless, self-possessed " (page 101). The Stalin " undeterred by his mental uncouthness " on page 119. " The imperious thinker and aesthete (Trotsky) could hardly have been impressed by the uncouth man " (page 121) and there is a fantastic account of Lenin and Marshal Stalin's meeting in 1912 on page 116. " Koba (Stalin) had secretly nurtured that ambition for a long time " (to be on the Executive of the Party). If it was a secret how and when did Mr. Deutscher get let into it ? " As a rule Stalin's utterances presented a jumble of dry contradictory formulas (page 386). " Stalin surpassed himself in hypocrisy " on page 443. Add to these few samples Mr. Deutscher's description of Marshal Stalin's rôle in the war, his defence of every opponent, his outcry that this man does not belong to the literary intelligentsia of Russia as did Lenin and Trotsky, and Mr. Deutscher's book has to be written off as a distorted version both of Marshal Stalin and the Russian Revolution, written by a disappointed man.

Having known Marshal Stalin personally and many of the leaders mentioned in this book, worked with them, agreed with them and quarrelled with them, I am quite sure that however much Mr. Deutscher's story may satisfy the present political mood of a large section of the British and American public who want to believe it, history will confirm neither his estimate of the man nor his interpretation of the course of the Russian Revolution.

J. T. MURPHY.

AN ARMY IN EXILE—The Story of the Second Polish Corps, by Lieut. General W. Anders, C.B. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

General Anders' remarkable narrative sent my mind back to a conversation I had during the last winter of the war in Italy. I was ordered to take

over gun positions from a Polish regiment of artillery which was being taken out of the line for rest. At dinner that night in the Polish mess, my neighbour, a stranger to me, turned and said : " Once the Germans are beaten you and I will be fighting together against the Russians." At the time I was, I think, too startled to reply. Like most regimental officers in that theatre, I was out of touch with political events at home and abroad. All I felt at the time was that the Russians were our allies, and as such were doing a good job. Reading this book it is easy to understand why the Polish officer in 1944 could see into the future so much more clearly than his English guest.

General Anders commanded a cavalry brigade against the Germans in the autumn of 1939. Withdrawing from the west under orders from his G.H.Q. he found himself caught, inevitably, in the Russian net thrown round him from the east. He and a small band attempted to escape through the woods into Hungary. Only when badly wounded was he himself taken. His account of his subsequent treatment at the hands of the N.K.V.D., with thousands of his fellow countrymen, bears the same stamp as the stories that used to come out of Germany in the late 'thirties and which were confirmed by the evidence of the concentration camps at the end of the war. " Soviet prisons ", he writes, " show the history of the Communist Party in the same way as geological strata show the history of the earth."

When the Germans attacked Russia, General Anders was suddenly released and asked to form a new army out of the Polish prisoners of war in Russian hands. His account of how these men, most of them walking skeletons, were gradually gathered together from camps in remotest Siberia, is movingly told. From Russia General Anders' units

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were transferred to the Middle East, where they underwent a long period of training and rehabilitation before their re-entry into the war on the Italian front. The story of the Second Polish Corps is likely to live long in military history, not only because the Poles took Cassino when so many before had failed, but because in it are the same elements of dramatic struggle as have given immortality to the march of Xenophon's Ten Thousand.

General Anders writes with understandable bitterness of the events which led to the absence of Polish soldiers from the Victory Parade in London. Whatever may have been the political necessities at the time, an Englishman cannot read the latter part of this book now without a sense of shame.

GORDON WINTER

YOUNG IRELAND AND 1848, by Denis Gwynn. *Cork University Press and Basil Blackwell.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The centenary of the Irish rebellion of 1848 was almost forgotten in the celebraton of the 150th anniversary of its more glamorous but equally abortive predecessor. But for the writings of Professor Denis Gwynn, Irish history from the rise of O'Connell to the deportation of the leaders of the Young Ireland movement would be poorly documented. Yet that period may well have had a far greater bearing on subsequent developments than had '98 and what led up to it. United Ireland was less certain of political purpose and aim than was Young Ireland fifty years later. The one had the quantity, the other a quality that has persisted to the present time and whose representatives in the Ireland of to-day, while wielding even less influence than did Smith O'Brien, Mitchel and the rest, will prove, it is to be hoped, to have been but a little ahead of their time.

Young Ireland and 1848 is the story of a small political party whose aim was to secure the independence of Ireland. Its leaders were educated men of liberal outlook, both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Its chief obstacle lay in the concessions which had been won from the English Government by Daniel O'Connell and which had satisfied for the time being the modest political ambitions of the mass of the Irish people. O'Connell was still the popular leader; never an out-and-out separatist and now in failing health and much influenced by his son, John, he asked only to keep the peace which he had made with England. As a result of his fight for emancipation, Roman Catholics of the middle class were prospering and content. The common people were cowed and reduced by years of famine and the memory of the merciless suppression of '98 was still fresh in them. It was not the most likely soil for the liberal patriotism of the gentlemanly Smith O'Brien and his fellows. Something more virile and someone more demagogic might have broken through and stirred the apathy.

The exciting part of this book is that which deals with the attempts of the leaders to bring their fellow-countrymen to see their point of view. The rebellion itself was a fiasco. Conceived on quite a grandiose scale it achieved no more than a local disturbance. A simultaneous rising all over the south of Ireland was to be assisted by an expeditionary force of Glasgow Irishmen who were to seize vessels in the Clyde for their transport—and, inevitably, there was to be an invasion from France. None of these took place. Elementary errors in staff-work occurred and information as to support was misleading. (A newspaper misprint had placed the strength of the confederate clubs in Kilkenny at 17,000—in fact, it was 1,700.) O'Brien and his colleagues were captured and deported to Tasmania.

William Smith O'Brien is the central figure of the story and much of its material is taken from his personal papers. In this the book is of particular importance to the student of Irish history for these are sources hitherto unused and it is appropriate that they should be used for the first time by

O'Brien's distinguished great-grandson. But the author has not allowed his ancestor's personality to overshadow the work and each of the figures of the movement is given his true prominence.

F. A. G. WILLIS.

FAMILY ALLOWANCES, by Eleanor Rathbone. *George Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Miss Rathbone's campaign, largely based on the first edition of this book which was published in 1927 and then called *The Disinherited Family*, culminated in the passing of the Family Allowances Act in 1945. The publishers of this new edition asked Mr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., President of the Family Endowment Society, to write a foreword explaining the reasons for the republication of the book. He says although there was much opposition, there was no refutation, only a steady process of general conversion. There are, however, many countries, notably the United States of America, which have not yet accepted the principle of family allowances. Canada did so in 1944. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the book will have a wide circulation beyond Great Britain.

In introducing the Family Allowances Bill in the House of Commons, the then Minister of National Insurance, Sir William Jowitt, admitted Eleanor Rathbone's share in pressing for this reform. She was then a Member of the House of Commons and evidently delighted with the honour, as a back bencher, of initiating the debate. In welcoming the Bill she was critical of some of the proposals, and in particular that the payment was normally to be made to the father and not to the mother. Before she died the following year she had the satisfaction of seeing the scheme come into opera-

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tion within six months of the introduction of the Bill.

In a final chapter the late Mrs. Eva M. Hubback, Chairman of the Family Endowment Society, brings up to date the history of family allowances in this country since 1927, and gives a short account of the development of similar legislation since that time in the British Commonwealth, in France and in the U.S.S.R. She also refers to legislative changes in the position of the wife and widow and in "equal pay for equal work" for men and women in Great Britain. Both she and Lord Beveridge take the view that the present figure of 5s. a week, as a cash allowance, should not be considered final, and the principle of not paying for the first child is criticized. Lord Beveridge believes that allowances should be increased in particular occupations, such as university and school teaching, civil service and the ministry.

As Lord Beveridge suggests, *The Disinherited Family* should be read repeatedly, as an inexhaustible source of ideas of what remains to be done.

JOHN MOSS

PRAETERITA, by John Ruskin. With an Introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Both in private conversation and in lectures given from his Cambridge Chair 'Q' stressed the importance of Ruskin as a writer of unalloyed English and as an arbiter of taste. Recently Ruskin has been in the limelight. His unhappy marriage, his curious upbringing have been widely discussed but it is too much to hope that his works are being read. Like other Victorians he still waits for the inevitable revival of popularity which is far more likely to be aroused by *Praeterita* than by any other of his writings.

There is probably no English writer better fitted to serve as a model for aspiring critics than Ruskin, and Sir Kenneth Clark hits the nail on the head in the first sentence of his Introduction when he says: "*Praeterita* is the only one of Ruskin's writings intended to give pleasure." It is a unique autobiography because the author wrote only of what it gave him joy to remember. He began it in 1885, soon after his resignation from the Slade professorship, after a period when his works had been growing increasingly violent and bitter and the state of his mind had become intermittently unbalanced. Reading the book now one marvels that some of the finest descriptive passages in it were composed within a week or so of a breakdown, and it is not surprising that the first volume of *Praeterita* is the best because it contains a picture of his childhood, put down in perspective, which makes it apparent that an only child brought up in such peculiar circumstances was bound to become a man in many ways set apart from his fellows. It is this mental and spiritual loneliness which haunted Ruskin all his life and made him altogether unfitted to stand the wear and tear of human relationships.

Those who have accompanied Sir Osbert Sitwell through the intricate and jewelled labyrinths of his autobiography must have noted his seeming frankness, the result of consummate literary skill and judgment. In fact the reader learns only what the author wants him to know. Ruskin conveys a similar impression, since a great deal of his character and experience has been purposely excluded from *Praeterita.* Noting Ruskin's stated intention to record only things that gave him pleasure it does not seem remarkable that his marriage does not figure in the book. He was capable of sudden and violent infatuations, but not of steady devotion. The appeal of *Praeterita* lies in the portraits of people and the incomparable descriptions of places that kindled his quickly-fired aesthetic sense. "Every girl," Sir Kenneth notes, "Ruskin saw, from childhood onwards, was imprinted on his memory with all her particularities, and set down, after sixty years, as freshly as if she had just entered the room." This applies as strongly to places he saw all those long years before; to his first visit to

Milan, for instance :

> Again, most fortunately, the weather was clear and cloudless all day long, and as the sun drew westward, we were able to drive to the Corso, where, at that time, the higher Milanese were happy and proud as ours in their park, and whence, no railway station intervening, the whole chain of the Alps was visible on one side, and the beautiful city with its dominant frost-crystalline Duomo on the other. Then the drive home in the open carriage through the quiet twilight, up the long streets, and round the base of the Duomo, the smooth pavement under the wheels adding with its silentness to the sense of dream wonder in it all, the perfect air in absolute calm, the just seen majesty of encompassing Alps, the perfectness—so it seemed to me—and purity, of the sweet, stately, stainless marble against the sky. What more, what else, could be asked of seemingly immutable good, in this mutable world ?

Here is emotion recollected in tranquillity and frozen inevitably and permanently upon the printed page. If Ruskin had written nothing except the first volume of *Praeterita* he would be entitled to his place among the great masters of English prose.

ERIC GILLETT.

GOETHE, by Albert Schweitzer. *A. & C. Black.* 6*s.*

On August 28, 1749, Goethe was born. This little book is made up of three tributes by Dr. Schweitzer, the theologian and thinker, of whose life the best has been spent in medical and spiritual ministering to the natives of Lambarene in Equatorial Africa. In 1928 he was honoured by the city of Frankfurt on Main, being awarded the Goethe Prize for services to humanity and delivered the first address printed here. It is characteristically entitled " My Debt to Goethe." The second, " Goethe's Message for our Time," was also spoken at Frankfurt, in 1932, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death ; and the third part, " Goethe—Thinker " is now translated for the first time from the review *Europe* where it appeared in 1932.

The book suffers at times (in translation, anyhow) from an air of ponderous simplicity, as though the author were purposely thinking in thoughts of one syllable. Goethe's instinct was to venerate Nature, not to follow the intricate artificialities of the metaphysicians of his day. Dr. Schweitzer, speaking of the days when he himself first grappled with metaphysical theory, says, " returning to this nature-philosophy, I recognized that what is demanded of us is to think it through to its goal of world and life affirmation in so simple a way that every thoughtful person should have to take part in this thinking . . . then I saw in Goethe the man who had held out at the abandoned post."

Goethe was a practical man ; he was capable of altruism ; he despised no work ; he was a scientist—an investigator ; he was anxious about justice; and he kept abreast of the age in which he lived. These are the main points that Dr. Schweitzer scores for Goethe. " He is not one who inspires," he says. So rather too laboured and deliberate a tribute is paid by one who is fundamentally the ethical teacher himself, not the artist ; and art, except in so far as it directly furthers ethics, does not, perhaps, get its due from him. In this threefold book to the text of Goethe, the most significant and the bravest saying is from Dr. Schweitzer himself speaking about the same climate of "civilization" which has worsened in 1949 :

> What else is that which is going on in this frightful age than a gigantic repetition of the Faust-drama played on the world-stage ? . . . In thousandfold acts of violence and thousandfold deeds of murder a mentality which has lost all human qualities wages its wanton sport . . . In thousandfold ways man has let himself be led to renounce his natural relationship to reality and to seek his weal in magic formulas of some economic or social system which only thrusts still further the possibility of escape from economic and social misery. And the terrible significance of these magic formulas . . . is always that the individual has to surrender his material and personal existence.

In spite of the iron-barred prose of translation one can say that this was brave seeing in 1932, and brave in not being despairing ; it was not Dr. Schweitzer's debt to Goethe or anyone else. It was—and is—himself.

FRANK KENDON

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Come si chiama questo in italiano ? But from the sordid realities of grammar and dictionary the mind is prone to stray. There is all the pleasure of anticipation to be indulged—of self-envy—because Maggiore, Rapallo, Naples, Rome, are soon to be seen for the first time. Not for them the jaded eye, the sophisticate sneer, nor for this particular votary the dogged mien of the conscientious tripper.

Debts to Ruskin

To fortify enchanted contemplation, *and* the most admirable (and borrowed) *Blue Guides*, the appearance of THE LAND OF ITALY by Jasper More (*Batsford.* 18*s.*) is opportune. The author assumes that practical help will be needed, whether it be for the appreciation of the scenery, a church façade, a painting, or in the choice of wine or a companion. A sense of humour keeps his idolatry in bounds, and the reader's innate solemnity of approach is tempered too by the lack of sententiousness in his style. It may be taken for granted that his publisher has served him well in illustration and has helped to make a book that will recall as happily as it now forestalls, a book moreover whose chapters are expected to call forth the culminating praise : *tutto ciò che le dissero è vero*, which ought to mean 'all that they told you is true.'——Derek Patmore's style in ITALIAN PAGEANT (*Evans Bros.* 9*s.* 6*d.*) is not so happy, though perhaps his surname unfairly places upon him the necessity of distinguished prose. His title too is not so apt, for his travels were confined to the cities of Tuscany and Umbria. But these are the only disappointments in a book which is devoted to spreading knowledge of the art centres of the region, especially in the light of his post-war revaluations. His encounters with old friends and new and his trips in the motor cycle side-car are recorded with an attractively ingenuous enthusiasm that revels in the present no less than in the past of Italy. But it is for its discussion of her treasures that his book will be kept, till another year when Orvieto, Perugia, Lucca, Florence, are within the reach of one who came to D. H. Lawrence's *Etruscan Places* and *Mornings in Italy* by way of Ruskin. To discover Ruskin for oneself when he was 'oldfashioned' and discredited was lucky. A second-hand copy of one of *The Stones of Venice* volumes started an appetite for large dollops of his architecture—*The Poetry of* and *The Seven Lamps of*—and then for *Modern Painters* and *The Two Paths*, to prove that moral precepts mixed up with enjoyment are not nearly the hindrance to the young that is generally supposed.——Maurice Cranston in INTRODUCTION TO SWITZERLAND (*Chaterson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*) also pays heart-warming tributes to Ruskin and credits him not merely with understanding that country better than any other foreigner, but with having taught the natives to see its beauty. This is another more than guide book that should delight both intending and returning visitors. Whenever the name of democracy is invoked, illustrations from the history of Switzerland are sure to follow and, before Mr. Cranston deals with its cultural heritage, he has some penetrating chapters on the trend of government there and on the economic position. His reflections on the Alps and on mountaineering and winter sports, in what it would be correct to describe as a scholarly book, bring draughts of cool air into a hot London day.

Jewelled weeds

From the flower-decked meadows in Swiss valleys to THE FLORAL YEAR by L. J. F. Brimble (*Macmillan.* 30*s.*) prolongs the refreshment. In such an encyclopaedia of wild flower life, with pictures on every page and scattered quotations that would make a sizable anthology of nature poetry, it would be

impertinent and surely unavailing to hunt for omissions. Instead, the search is for the names of weeds in a London garden. Here, sure enough, is shepherd's purse, an inexplicable newcomer until it was realized that probably the load of earth dumped in the winter is responsible. All the months are represented, and the January trees present a most satisfactory study. Soon the book will be sent to a ten-year-old naturalist, who lives where the Ouse helps to make the fields and hedges of Bedfordshire a happy hunting ground, in the hope that his growing collection may be checked and verified from these pages and his interest, if that is possible, even more engaged.

Save them from their friends

And to outpace Miss Beatrice Harrison and her 'cello, the vicar of East Dereham, Benjamin B. J. Armstrong, tells in A NORFOLK DIARY edited by his grandson (*Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) how he secreted his choir among the trees in his wood to sing to the nightingale's accompaniment. (Fortunately it was early May, so there could be no sequel of disappearing fruit ; but this was 1863 and perhaps choir boys now, like everything else, are not what they were in Victorian times.) This country parson was indeed " intelligent, educated and observant " and his daily jottings, with his interests in social and economic development on the one hand and in Very Important People on the other, build up into a fair presentment of his particular strata of society.——

> Try and see what is happening with the eyes of a nineteenth century citizen. It is a British revolutionary period. It is the social revolution of our time.

said Mr. Herbert Morrison, not very originally, on the first anniversary of the 1945 General Election. But he goes on to stress that the early Labour propaganda has had time to take root and rouse " the people to thought " which is something of a pronouncement for these machine made and mindless days. THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION (*George Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a selection of his speeches. To offset the dullness of prepared and read addresses there is the malicious reward of being able to trace discrepancies in the published effusions of politicians. And it must be said that the Lord President's are not guilty in this respect ; as he characteristically puts it : " I have been pleasurably surprised, on reading through these speeches, to find that, as a whole, they stand up to the test of events." In spite of garrulous envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, there is little to quarrel with in these observations on work and incentives, local government, social advance and world trade. It is the garrulous fools in the Labour Party itself who, by misrepresenting the aspirations of their leaders, bring them all into discredit.

Take your choice

How much of the fruit will be bitter remains to be seen quite shortly now and, meanwhile, *Collins* have issued THE LABOUR PARTY, THE LIBERAL PARTY and THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY (5*s.* each) by William Glenvil Hall, R. J. Cruikshank and Nigel Birch respectively. Naturally it appears in each case that " ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you " but, as the books belong to the " Britain in Pictures " series, any smugness, decrying or pipe dream need not be taken too seriously. The illustrations repay and command the earnest attention, with Max Beerbohm lording it over them all, but, to anyone who looks for the guidance of recommendation, a description of the cover designs might help. There is a circle, which bears a distant resemblance to a lifebelt, a porthole or a dartboard, enclosing a shovel, a pen and the word ' liberty ', marked Labour Party ; there is a plain oval simply, sublimely inscribed ' Liberalism the key ' with a sturdy, ancient monument specimen drawn inside, and, reminiscently vague, there is a belt buckled round a rose, a thistle, a daffodil and a shamrock, with ' Conservative and Unionist ' and at its *end* the word ' onward '.

Protest corner

Not that the 'intellectuals' are any good at guidance. George Orwell in NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR (*Secker & Warburg*. 10*s*.) arouses disgust, horror and wrath not so much at the events he depicts, disgusting, horrifying and angering as they are, but because he and his contemporaries are all mind and no heart and because, as noted here in April of Aldous Huxley and *Ape and Essence*, they hate the human race. And hate is the most sterile of occupations, as the twentieth century has twice shown. Like Mr. Huxley he emphasizes the degradation of man right down to its vanishing point in overwhelming evil. It will be gathered that this reviewer is seriously displeased with Mr. Orwell and his kind, but the quickened pulse and shallow breathing that accompanied the reading of his book to the last sickening page was mostly due to disappointment. Why don't those who consider themselves natural leaders (and no-one undertakes the colossal task of writing a book without being girded by at least a sneaking wish to lead) try the other theory ? They could start with the assumption that man is capable of responding even if only in patches to love. They might emphasize his redeeming qualities right up to the point where cruelty, lying and greed are swamped. Wishing thinking ? Nobody ever accomplished anything without it. This is no debating titbit like art for art's sake, nor are the George Orwells merely the Peter Lelys who paint the portraits and have no hand in designing the costumes of the period. By their peculiar gifts they must inevitably take some of the responsibility for moulding the thoughts and fears of human souls ; they might try gently heading the poor silly sheep who bleat out their defeatism and terror, into the safety, the sanity that comes with a gleam of hope.

Some inward natures

And talking of dogs, wise old sheepdogs of course, diverts the mind to Disraeli's fondness for hunting. (For 'ounds is dorgs, as Mr. Punch's goods clerk might have said.) Dizzy who was baptised into the Christian faith and Lord George Gordon, who was converted to Judaism, are two of the eccentric characters in THEIR RULING PASSIONS by Percy Colson (*Hutchinson*. 18*s*.). The others are Joseph Nollekens, Samuel Parr and Baron Stockmar. They are studies in ambition, fanaticism, avarice, egoism and wire-pulling in that order. The author's saltiness, untinged with malice, makes plain the oddities only hinted at in other and more conventional biographies. And James Laver's witty Introduction makes plain that the author is a bit of a character in his own right. If the warts do indeed fascinate the moderns, then this accounts in part for the attraction of a book whose writing has style, whose bibliography and indexes are comprehensive, whose illustrations are many and all good, and whose title alone repels.

Confessions of a capitalist

HAPPIER DAYS (*Ernest Benn Ltd*. 8*s*. 6*d*.) is also a title that fails to charm, coming as it does from another individualist, Sir Ernest Benn, who is nevertheless not so lighthearted in his cynicism. One suspects that he may often be right for no particularly good reason. This is probably ungenerous as it is hard to put a finger on an actual place in this book where the cry for freedom is the louder because a capitalist, his word for himself, is allegedly deprived of it. Perhaps it is that the man who repudiates his earlier "nonsense" (that capital and labour should co-operate to the advantage of both), is naturally the more unctuous, as all converts are, on the shortcomings of his former associates. Perhaps too the irritation is no more than a question of style . . . . Yet, in spite of the quirks, this is an entertaining book. It purports to be more than "recollections and reflections" ; it is autobiography at its most pungent, warts and all. GRACE BANYARD.

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